

55TH CONGRESS, }  
3d Session. }

SENATE.

{ DOCUMENT  
{ No. 171.

---

# MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

# EDWARD C. WALTHALL

(LATE A SENATOR FROM MISSISSIPPI),

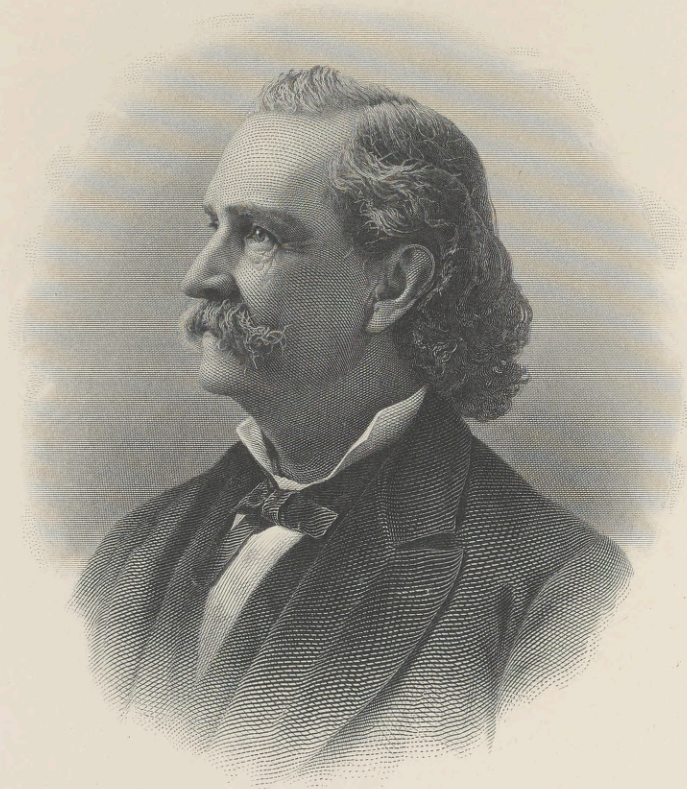
DELIVERED IN THE

SENATE AND HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,

FIFTY-FIFTH CONGRESS,  
SECOND AND THIRD SESSIONS.



WASHINGTON:  
GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE.  
1899.



HON. EDWARD GARY WALTHALL.

Brown, Engraving & Printing.



## CONTENTS.

---

	Page.
Proceedings in the Senate.....	5
Funeral services in the Senate.....	8
Memorial address by—	
Mr. MONEY .....	12
Mr. HAWLEY .....	20
Mr. BERRY .....	21
Mr. SPOONER.....	28
Mr. GRAY .....	35
Mr. GORMAN.....	40
Mr. COCKRELL.....	46
Mr. BATE .....	50
Mr. PASCO .....	62
Mr. BACON .....	72
Mr. PETTUS .....	75
Proceedings in the House .....	81
Memorial address by—	
Mr. ALLEN .....	84
Mr. SPALDING .....	98
Mr. WILLIAMS.....	100
Mr. HENRY .....	110
Mr. FOX .....	114
Mr. SPIGHT .....	125
Mr. BOUTELLE.....	132
Mr. BARTLETT.....	134
Mr. McLAIN.....	144
Mr. MEYER .....	148



---

## DEATH OF EDWARD C. WALTHALL.

---

### PROCEEDINGS IN THE SENATE.

APRIL 22, 1898.

Mr. MONEY. Mr. President, it is my sad duty to announce to the Senate that fifteen minutes after 5 on yesterday afternoon, the 21st of April, EDWARD CARY WALTHALL, late a Senator in this body from the State of Mississippi, departed this life at his place of residence in this city.

This distinguished soldier, this true patriot, this wise statesman, this accomplished gentleman has left behind him a memory fragrant with good deeds and courteous words. It is not my intention now to extend any remarks upon his character or his services. At a time which the Senate will appoint those who knew and loved him here will speak in his eulogy. I simply desire to offer for the consideration of the Senate the resolutions which I send to the desk.

The VICE-PRESIDENT. The resolutions will be read.

The Secretary read the resolutions, as follows:

*Resolved*, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. EDWARD C. WALTHALL, late a Senator from the State of Mississippi.

*Resolved*, That a committee of nine Senators be appointed by the Vice-President to take order for superintending the funeral of the deceased, which will take place in the Senate Chamber

to-morrow, Saturday, at 12 o'clock m., and that the Senate will attend the same.

*Resolved*, That as a further mark of respect entertained by the Senate for his memory his remains be removed from Washington to Holly Springs, Miss., in charge of the Sergeant-at-Arms and attended by the committee, who shall have full power to carry this resolution into effect.

*Resolved*, That the Secretary communicate these proceedings to the House of Representatives and invite the House of Representatives to attend the funeral to-morrow, Saturday, at the hour named, and to appoint a committee to act with the committee of the Senate.

Mr. MONEY. I ask for the adoption of the resolutions.

The VICE-PRESIDENT. The question is on agreeing to the resolutions submitted by the Senator from Mississippi.

The resolutions were unanimously agreed to; and the Vice-President appointed as the committee under the second resolution Mr. Money, Mr. Berry, Mr. Bate, Mr. Pettus, Mr. Spooner, Mr. Gray, Mr. Proctor, Mr. Pasco, and Mr. Cannon.

Mr. Cockrell submitted the following resolution; which was considered by unanimous consent, and agreed to:

*Resolved*, That invitations be extended to the President of the United States and the members of his Cabinet, the Chief Justice and associate justices of the Supreme Court of the United States, the diplomatic corps (through the Secretary of State), the Major-General Commanding the Army, the senior Admiral of the Navy, and Commissioners of the District of Columbia to attend the funeral of the Hon. EDWARD C. WALTHALL, late a Senator from the State of Mississippi, in the Senate Chamber at 12 o'clock to-morrow.

Mr. Cockrell submitted the following resolution, which was considered by unanimous consent, and agreed to:

*Resolved*, That the expenses incurred by the select committee appointed to take order for the funeral of the late Senator



EDWARD C. WALTHALL be paid from the contingent fund of the Senate upon vouchers to be approved by the chairman of the said committee.

Mr. MONEY. I move that the Senate do now, in honor of the memory of the late Senator WALTHALL, adjourn.

The motion was unanimously agreed to; and at 2 o'clock and 7 minutes p. m. the Senate adjourned until to-morrow, Saturday, April 23, 1898, at 12 o'clock meridian.

## FUNERAL OF SENATOR WALTHALL.

APRIL 23, 1898.

The casket containing the remains of the deceased Senator was brought into the Senate Chamber.

The Vice-President called the Senate to order at 12 o'clock meridian.

At one minute past 12 o'clock the members of the House of Representatives, preceded by the Sergeant-at-Arms and Clerk and headed by the Speaker and Chaplain, entered the Senate Chamber. The Speaker was escorted to a seat on the left of the Vice-President, the Sergeant-at-Arms, Clerk, and Chaplain were assigned to seats at the right of the Vice-President's desk, and the members of the House occupied the seats on the floor provided for them.

They were soon followed by the dean and members of the diplomatic corps, the Chief Justice and associate justices of the Supreme Court of the United States, the President of the United States and his Cabinet ministers, and the Commissioners of the District of Columbia, who were respectively escorted to the seats assigned them on the floor of the Senate Chamber.

The committee of arrangements of the two Houses and the family and friends of the deceased Senator were also shown to the seats reserved for them.

Rev. W. H. Milburn, D.D., the Chaplain of the Senate, offered the following prayer:

Almighty God, who through Thine only begotten Son has overcome death and opened unto us the gate of everlasting life, as we come to pay the tribute of our honor and affection to the memory of our beloved friend and brother, we bless Thee that we mourn not as those without hope, being assured that the

good man in passing hence lays aside the vesture of decay to be clothed with a garment worthy of the nobility of his character, and to enter upon a life exempt from cares and toils and sorrows, in a world where is no more death, neither sorrow, nor shall there be any more pain, for the former things have passed away.

Bring home this consolation to all that gather here to-day, in whose recollection the image of our beloved and noble friend will endure for the rest of mortal life. And especially grant that Thy Heavenly tenderness and grace may come to the heart of the bereaved and smitten widow, between whom and her husband through many, many years a union of almost unexampled sweetness and beauty existed. Comfort her, O Lord Jesus, and grant that the sense of resurrection and eternal life may come with all its benignant power to her heart. And let those of the family who share her grief likewise share this comfort.

Let Thy grace be upon us all; and as we are moving to the bourne of that undiscovered country, grant that our lives be worthy of the vocation whereunto we are called, that when we gather up our feet to depart it may be in peace and with the blessed hope of everlasting life. Through Jesus Christ, Thy Son, our Saviour. Amen.

The VICE-PRESIDENT. Senators, by order of the Senate the usual business will be suspended this day to enable the Senate to participate in the funeral ceremonies deemed appropriate upon the death of EDWARD C. WALTHALL, late an honored member of this body from the State of Mississippi. The reading of the Journal will be dispensed with.

Rev. Randolph Harrison McKim, D. D., assisted by Rev. Louis G. Wood, read the burial service of the Episcopal Church, including the hymn beginning :

Abide with me, fast falls the eventide,  
The darkness deepens, Lord, with me abide.

The VICE-PRESIDENT. The body of our late brother will now be committed to the charge of the officers of the Senate and the

committee representing the two Houses of Congress to be conveyed to his late home in Mississippi, there to be buried among his family and friends.

The casket was borne from the Senate Chamber by the pallbearers, selected from the Capitol police, and was accompanied by the committee of arrangements of the two Houses and the family and friends of the deceased Senator.

The invited guests having retired from the Senate Chamber, Mr. ALLISON. I move that the Senate adjourn.

The motion was agreed to; and at 12 o'clock and 43 minutes p. m. the Senate adjourned until Monday, April 25, 1898, at 12 o'clock meridian.



## MEMORIAL ADDRESSES.

MAY 26, 1898.

Mr. MONEY. Mr. President, I submit the resolutions which I send to the desk.

The VICE-PRESIDENT. The resolutions will be read.

The Secretary read the resolutions, as follows:

*Resolved*, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. EDWARD C. WALTHALL, late a Senator from the State of Mississippi.

*Resolved*, That as a mark of respect to the memory of the deceased the business of the Senate be now suspended to enable his associates to pay tribute to his high character and distinguished public services.

*Resolved*, That at the conclusion of these ceremonies the Senate stands adjourned.

*Resolved*, That the Secretary communicate a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased.

## ADDRESS OF MR. MONEY.

Mr. President, twice within a twelvemonth death has taken from the Senate two illustrious sons of Mississippi; within eight years four great men from that Commonwealth who were famous in this Chamber have passed away, Davis, Lamar, George, and WALTHALL, names not to be forgotten, but ever potent to evoke respect, admiration, and affection. To-day the Senate suspends its usual business to speak in eulogy of the latest mourned of these renowned statesmen.

EDWARD CARY WALTHALL was a native of Richmond, Va., born April 4, 1831, of an old and honorable family. While a boy his father moved to Holly Springs, Miss., where he received an education in an academy at that time celebrated. He began early the reading of law and commenced the practice at the age of 21, at Coffeeville, Miss.

Four years afterwards he was elected district attorney for the Tenth judicial district, and was reelected in 1859, serving until he resigned to enter the Confederate army early in 1861. His service in that office was able and brilliant, and while an effective and vigorous prosecutor, he became a popular favorite.

His face and person were exceedingly handsome, his courtesy winning, his intellect bright and quick, his manner energetic, and his rise at the bar to distinction rapid.

At that time there were no railroads in that part of Mississippi and the bar at each court-house was marked by ability as lawyers and great good-fellowship. The circuit was made by attorneys in private conveyances, attended by servants, and the business of the courts, made interesting by the conflict of learning and wit, was also brightened by the generous hospitality of the local bar and the citizens of the respective towns. In this

goodly company no man could hope for either professional or social success without the aid of intellect, learning, integrity, and honor. Amid these congenial spirits the young district attorney was in his element, and his good qualities were amply recognized, and present success and reasonable expectation incited him to harder study and higher achievement.

In the spring of 1861 he was elected the first lieutenant of Company H, Fifteenth Mississippi. Shortly after the organization of the regiment, on the 15th of June, the lieutenant-colonel resigned to accept the appointment of surgeon, and Lieutenant WALTHALL was elected lieutenant-colonel. This regiment did brilliant service at Fishing Creek, or Mill Springs, in Kentucky, and here he won his spurs by a splendid display of that cool intrepidity which became the striking characteristic of his career. On the 11th of April, 1862, he was elected colonel of the Twenty-ninth Mississippi Infantry. On the 30th of June the same year he was appointed brigadier-general, to take effect the 13th of December, 1862. His brigade was composed of the Twenty-fourth, Twenty-seventh, Twenty-ninth, Thirtieth, and Thirty-fourth Mississippi Infantry.

On the 6th of June, 1864, he was appointed major-general. His division was composed of the brigades of Generals Quarles, Canty, and Reynolds.

Seven days after his appointment as major-general, Lieut. Gen. Leonidas Polk, the bishop general, was killed at Pine Mountain, and three names were sent to Richmond to be considered as his successor. These were the names of Maj. Gen. A. P. Stewart, Maj. Gen. William B. Bate, and Maj. Gen. E. C. WALTHALL.

I speak now with great pleasure of an incident that, in this world of struggle and rivalry, especially in military affairs, has rarely occurred.

General Bate and General WALTHALL wrote letters warmly indorsing General Stewart for the promotion, and magnanimously retiring themselves from consideration. They presented the facts of the seniority and military education of General Stewart, and would not permit their names to be used in competition with his. Both these men had gallantly won the substantial honor and would have been justified in at least allowing the executive to weigh the merits of all three.

The modesty of General Bate, now a distinguished member of this Senate, is only equaled by the valor his wounds attest and will not permit him to mention this episode, as honorable to him as his feats of arms.

Of this magnanimous act General WALTHALL rarely spoke, but those who knew him best can imagine the honorable pride with which he unselfishly relinquished all claim to the prize.

After the close of the war he returned to Coffeeville, Miss., to resume the practice of his profession in association with L. Q. C. Lamar until January, 1871, when he removed to Grenada.

When the distinguished Lamar was appointed to the Cabinet by Mr. Cleveland, March 4, 1885, General WALTHALL succeeded him by appointment, and was elected in January, 1886, for the unexpired term, was reelected in 1888 and again in 1892. Directly afterwards his health became very feeble, and, living up to his high sense of public duty, he resigned in January, 1894, his position for the balance of that term. He had already been reelected for the term beginning March, 1895, at which time he reentered the Senate, to meet the welcome of his former associates.

It is not my purpose to follow the course of General WALTHALL through the several campaigns in which he was actively engaged, nor to describe nor even name the many battles in which he took a conspicuous part; but it is proper to mention a few of those which particularly displayed his soldierly qualities.



The battle of Lookout Mountain, which has been so exaggerated as "the battle above the clouds" in the fervid imagination of poetry and in the cold mendacity of prose, particularly distinguished the unflinching courage and the calm intrepidity of General WALTHALL.

There were no clouds that day—only a mist that came up from the valley.

WALTHALL's brigade of 1,500 men was ordered to hold the position occupied by a picket post extending from Lookout Creek up the side of the mountain, continuing across a bench to the cliff. The road by which relief must come or retreat be made, as well as the position, were swept by the fire of the Federal batteries of Parrott guns on Moccasin Point. General Hooker attacked WALTHALL's line upon his front and left flank with a division of 10,000.

The brave Mississippians, under their gallant leader, made good their resistance until they could be re-formed beyond the reach of the batteries. At 1 o'clock General Pettus, now present as a member of the Senate, came to the relief with his brigade, and the Confederate line held its new position until after dark.

General Thomas, in his report, says the resistance by WALTHALL was "stubborn;" General Bragg characterizes the resistance as "desperate," and the impartial historian writes it as "brilliant and desperate."

What was left of this brigade from this terrible fight—about 600 effectives—on the afternoon of the next day was thrown across Missionary Ridge to protect Hardee's left flank in retreat, and held the position until ordered away at 8 o'clock that night.

In this fight General WALTHALL received a severe wound in the foot, but left neither the field nor the saddle, enduring

severe pain with stoic fortitude rather than discourage his men by retiring. He was confined for six weeks by this wound.

Upon the retreat of Hood from Nashville, when he was pressed hard by Thomas's reenforced and aggressive column, he sent for Lieutenant-General Forrest and asked him if he would undertake to protect the retreat. General Forrest replied: "Give me the major-general of infantry I shall choose and I will undertake it." Out of that army of brave veterans he selected WALTHALL, and it is unnecessary to repeat here the courage, the skill, the heroic daring that marked the defense of the retreating Confederates until the army had crossed the Tennessee River.

Moreau's military reputation was made more glorious by his retreat through the Black Forest than by the victory of Hohenlinden; so this retreat shed as imperishable glory upon Forrest and WALTHALL as any won by their most splendid victories.

When the occasion demanded a man of adamantine firmness, unfaltering courage, and enduring patience, WALTHALL met the necessity.

In politics Senator WALTHALL was conservative, prudent, and cautious, not given to experiment, but never allowing a difference of opinion to impair his fidelity to his party.

He did not like joint debates, so usual in the South, and, in fact, did not often speak in political campaigns.

He was a delegate to the national conventions in 1868, 1876, 1880, 1884, and in 1896, and in four of them, by common consent, he was chairman of the delegation.

As a Senator he was devoted to the interest of his constituency, both in legislation in which they were concerned and in any private matters which would properly come before him. He was constant in attendance on committee meetings and industrious and scrupulous in performing the work allotted to him.

He was always present at the sessions of the Senate, and when his health became so feeble in 1894 that he doubted his ability to give his usual attention to the performance of his duties he resigned his seat for the balance of his term—about fourteen months. His high standard of duty would not allow him to hold an office when unable to fully perform its functions.

While he did not often speak in the debates in this Chamber, his advice was often sought and highly valued.

He had great respect for law, for established authority. He was loth to disturb the regular order of things, respected usages and customs, was not in any sense an innovator, and had the qualities that better fitted him to suppress a revolution than to lead one.

He was just in allowing to everyone all to which he was entitled, yet firm in the insistence of his own rights. He was particularly jealous of his military reputation and never permitted any disparagement of it, even indirectly, to pass unchallenged and uncorrected.

Tributes of admiration to his intellectual endowments, to his resolute and valiant heart, his strong serenity of mind, to the just balance of his moral and intellectual nature, his softness and polish of manner with no trace of formality, always genial and accessible, although full of a quiet and simple dignity, and his talent and acquirements, will be paid by others in strong and clear outline, for these were his great characteristics as a public man; and this character he has left, a proud heritage to his countrymen, to be embalmed in their hearts and by their eloquence recorded in the history of a nation who thus delights to honor her illustrious dead; but the leading features of his character, to those who knew him when he unbent from the cares of public life, can be given their true valuation by his intimate friends only.

Among these the living and transparent graces of his well-regulated mind and heart, his pensive cheerfulness, the quick and kindly responsiveness of his nature, overflowing with gentleness and sympathy, attracted the coldest and most insensible soul.

Friendship existed in him in its loveliest proportions; it was one of the profoundest emotions of his heart; and this relation, when founded on real worth and once established, knew no bounds or diminution.

He discerned no weaknesses, no shortcomings, in the man he called friend. In its amplitude he listened to the voice of his heart alone. There seems to have been a far-reaching depth of personal identity or individuality, which drew men to him whose affection was soon lost in the abysses of this deep heart. The constancy of his own feeling met with that warm and faithful devotion which he gave in such fullness and so generously.

He was the idol of his soldiers, who followed him with unbounded enthusiasm. He was their inspiring leader in battle; in the hospital, around the camp fire, he was their comforter, their protector; and when peace came, and the dark waters of that sorrowful defeat rolled in and drowned every hope of the Southern heart, he was their stimulator to a new life under changed conditions. He forsook them not in their adversity and despondency. He recalled their fidelity, their courage, their hopeless struggle; he remembered the desolation of their battle-scarred land, and his noble heart gave to them of his strength and his hope, so that when WALTHALL'S name was spoken among them, the bright example he was giving them of resurrected prosperity resulting from earnest endeavor, of success of the highest nature, they took heart and held him in war as in peace—their guiding spirit. It is not difficult for any man who knew Senator WALTHALL to comprehend the trust and affection



he inspired. His delicately shaded mind enabled him to feel with those who appealed to him for help of any sort. At once there was the flash of a kindly impulse to succor his old soldiers in their distresses, to cheer the disheartened, to speak words of solace, and with matchless tenderness, force, and fidelity, to lay a soothing hand upon the hearts of his suffering comrades.

I come now to speak of my friend as I knew him in the family circle. Here he shone in his fairest light. It was in the dear home in Grenada, with his beloved wife, among admirers and friends, he found true and sweet rest. With his capacious heart, his generous nature, his truly refined and gentle spirit, is it surprising to know with what devotion he was beloved by his noble wife and all those who were connected with him by near and dear ties? The happiness he enjoyed in these tender relations shone in his face with a luster begotten only of the most genuine and deepest and most sacred feelings of the human heart.

He could afford to cease from his labors, for his work had been well and gloriously done. Into the higher regions of the unseen, the silent—which are but shadows to us—beyond the visible, the tangible, the audible things of this world, his soul has taken its flight; the mortal has fallen away from the immortal spark, which, born among celestial fires, has found its way back to its radiant home.

The poet asks:

Can storied urn, or animated bust,  
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?  
Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust,  
Or flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of death?

We answer "No!" but the marble shaft, the just panegyric, forever bear witness to intellect, to soul, to those high qualities that make the world better for their being, and incite in those who follow a glorious and fruitful emulation.

ADDRESS OF MR. HAWLEY.

Mr. President, General WALTHALL was not one of those who immediately become well known to all men. But it did soon come to pass that all who knew him instinctively respected him, and those who knew him best loved him. Whatever quality is needed to form a true gentleman he possessed. He was just, peaceable, kind, generous, courteous in address, brave, true to all duties and obligations.

Some of us have served with him on the Committee on Military Affairs thirteen years, less the fourteen months when he was absent because of ill health. His presence was always a pleasure. His judgment was sound; his temper perfect. Before that committee come many cases of erroneous record to be corrected—cases of injustice, owing to haste or carelessness or momentary petulance, new evidence that failed to reach a courtmartial, etc., almost without end. In his treatment of all such matters no stranger coming as a casual observer could have discovered on which side of the great war he had ranged himself.-

He was eminently judicial, yielding rather to the generous equities that the legislative branch may dispense than to the literal severities of law.

It was—

A kind, true heart, a spirit high,  
That could not fear and would not bow.

Those who met him in war forgot their quarrel. Succeeding it was "the courtesy that befits ancient foes turned friends."

Fortunate the man who won his friendship, fortunate the soldier he commanded, fortunate the State whose Senator he became, fortunate the country he served.

ADDRESS OF MR. BERRY.

Mr. President, on the morning after the death of General WALTHALL, there appeared in the Washington Post an article so well written and which showed upon the part of the writer such a thorough and accurate knowledge of the character of General WALTHALL that I desire it to go into the Record. I ask that the Secretary read it from the desk.

The Secretary read as follows:

EDWARD CARY WALTHALL.

The death of Senator EDWARD CARY WALTHALL, of Mississippi, removes one of the most gallant and gracious figures in public life. He was a representative of the old South, the South of the great landed aristocracy, of gentle birth and high breeding and chivalrous practices and instincts. He was a gentleman in the finest and noblest sense of the word—not for occasion or parade, but always and under any imaginable circumstance. Courteous to the lowly as well as to the proud, considerate of poor and rich alike, he presented to his generation a most attractive personality, an example of all the manly virtues.

There was a man never noisy or aggressive, but calm and self-contained, conscious of his own sweet impulses, and governed by a pure, unquestioning self-respect. Behind his courtly manners, his intuitive good will toward men, and his spontaneous reverence for women, those who had the privilege of knowing him well and closely discerned the knightly heart that inspired every action of his life. Such men as EDWARD CARY WALTHALL explained to us the pride and glory of the South of forty years ago, its strength, its influence upon the thought and character of that time, its lofty standards, and its sensitive and jealous dignity.

He had for all a generous welcome and a splendid courtesy,

yet he was enveloped in an atmosphere which no one ventured to invade unasked. He was the type of a class now rapidly disappearing. He belonged to another and a finer time. His was the bearing of the grand seigneur, his the kindness of an innocent and noble soul.

A brave and honorable gentleman, gallant as any paladin that rode with Charlemagne, simple, straightforward, and loyal as the day, he leaves with us a memory full of grace, an example worthy of all gratitude and emulation. His death is a bereavement as his life was a benefaction to the State of Mississippi, if not to the entire South. He will be mourned as profoundly as, throughout his public career, he has been respected and admired.

Mr. President, it is not possible for any man, either in a single newspaper article or in a single address and within a brief period of time, to do full and complete justice to the illustrious life and high and lofty character of General WALTHALL.

In all the qualities that command respect, compel admiration, and inspire love, I have never known anyone who surpassed him. In his entire life, so conspicuous in many ways, there was never a blot upon his character, never a stain upon his fair name. He stood high up upon the mountain, far above and far removed from all that was base, all that was low, and all that was impure. He thought no evil, he spoke no slander, and repeated none spoken by others.

He trespassed upon no man's rights and never intentionally did anyone an injustice, and yet if it was necessary, in order to defend himself or others, or to maintain his self-respect, no man would more quickly, fearlessly, or effectually, resent a wrong or an insult. He was a man of a high order of ability and of many kinds of ability. He had read many books and had thought much. He knew his fellow-men well. He had a rare and most remarkable judgment, which seldom led to

error. He knew intuitively that which was right and that which was wrong, and it never occurred to him that he was at liberty to choose between the two.

In all of his associations and dealings with his fellow-men he had erected for himself the highest possible standard, yet he never complained if others fell below it, and he neither assumed nor pretended superior virtues, and never in word or manner sought to exalt himself by calling attention to the defects of others. He was that character of man to whom all men who knew him turned instinctively for counsel and advice in matters of gravest concern to themselves. He gave it generously and always unselfishly. He spoke the truth boldly and fearlessly, yet always in kindness and never with a desire to wound. If any sought him with the hope or expectation that they might receive encouragement to evade their duty or find excuse to escape fair and just responsibility, they were always disappointed, and when he had spoken the line between that which was honorable and that which was dishonorable, that which was manly and that which was unmanly, was so clear and so broad that no man could mistake it.

It cost him no effort to be a gentleman; constituted as he was it was impossible for him to be anything else. No man has ever served in this Senate during the years I have been here who possessed the confidence and esteem of all the Senators to a greater extent. No man's judgment was more highly respected and no man's influence was greater. And I believe that I speak the truth when I say that no man was so much loved by so many of his associates as General WALTHALL.

He won great distinction as a soldier during the civil war; he fought his way up from first lieutenant to major-general; he was the idol of those whom he commanded. As a commanding officer he had the rare quality of being most self-



possessed, coolest, and most courageous when the danger was greatest; most magnanimous and most generous in the hour of victory; most self-respecting, self-reliant, and proudest of the cause for which he fought in the hour of defeat. It was at Mill Springs, or Fishing Creek, Ky., where he first showed that unconquerable spirit, that ready resource in disaster, and that high courage which subsequently made him so conspicuous as a soldier. When the commanding general had fallen, when the untrained soldiers were in the greatest confusion, and when all seemed lost, Lieutenant-Colonel WALTHALL, of the Fifteenth Mississippi, held his men in line, threw them in front of the advancing foe, and saved the army from great disaster. The reputation he made at this battle caused him to be chosen colonel of the Twenty-ninth Mississippi, and in December, 1862, he was promoted to brigadier-general.

In the great battle of Chickamauga he led his brigade into the thickest of the fight and 32 per cent of his men were killed and wounded, and by his rare judgment, his courage and gallant bearing upon the field he added greatly to the fame he had already acquired. At Missionary Ridge, when the Confederate lines were broken, when confusion and disorder were everywhere, when it seemed that the total destruction of the army was inevitable, General WALTHALL, although badly wounded, kept the saddle, held his men in line, drove back the victorious forces of the Union Army and withdrew in good order, and when the army was safe across the river he was lifted from his horse unable to walk. He participated in all the battles from Missionary Ridge to Atlanta, and in June, 1864, was made a major-general. In the fearful slaughter at Franklin his division was in the front rank of battle, and he was close by Gen. Pat Cleburne, of my State, when that great soldier fell.

In the battle at Nashville his command suffered heavily, but his lines were not broken. When the battle was lost, when it seemed almost impossible that the defeated Confederate army could escape capture, General Hood asked General Forrest if it was possible to hold the rear and save the army. He replied, "Give me WALTHALL to command a division of infantry, and I promise that the army shall retreat in safety." How well he kept his promise, and how superbly General WALTHALL performed his part and justified the confidence of General Forrest, all the country knows. The defeated Confederates passed south to Bentonville, N. C., and there, in the very closing days of the war, they lined up in battle for the last time.

General WALTHALL once told me that on that day every man in the command knew that there was no longer any hope for the South; knew that the days of the Confederacy were numbered; and yet no man faltered; and he said that nothing in his life had ever touched him so much as when he rode down the line on that day and there burst forth from the tattered and torn remnants of his old division the old familiar cheer that had so often greeted him, and that the saddest word he ever spoke was to give the order for the charge that cost many of them their lives.

When the end came, he returned to his home in Mississippi. His ability as a lawyer and his high and well-known character brought him numerous clients, and for nearly twenty years he stood in the front rank of his profession and contested with such lawyers as Wiley P. Harris and James Z. George for the leadership of the bar of Mississippi.

He came here in 1885 as the successor of Senator Lamar, the man whom he admired most and loved best of all the men he had ever known. How well he sustained the high reputation he brought to this body is known to all Senators. His great

ability as a lawyer, a soldier, and a Senator, his devotion to duty, his high purposes, and the purity of his life made him a conspicuous figure here from the time he entered the Senate until his death.

But there are many who knew him well in his service of twelve years here who do not know of his many generous deeds, his sacrifice for others, and his great tenderness toward his family and those whom he loved. He never failed to remember all who had any claim, direct or indirect, upon his generosity. No man who was a soldier under him, whether he lived in Mississippi or elsewhere, ever called upon him for aid that it was not generously given. That which endeared him most to those who knew him best was his thoughtful consideration for others, his readiness to sacrifice himself for his friends, and his kindness and tenderness for all who suffered and all who were in distress.

History has recorded and generations have applauded the noble act of Sir Philip Sidney, who, when his own death was fast approaching, gave the water brought to quench his dying thirst to the wounded soldier. On that terrible retreat from Nashville, on that fearful winter night, never to be forgotten by those who followed Hood, General WALTHALL folded his last blanket around a wounded soldier and spent the night on the frozen ground without shelter. In his last sickness, when the fever was coursing through his veins, with the fearful pain in his brain, he did not even then forget his consideration for others, and he said:

Tell Mr. Spooner, with whom I am paired, that it is unfair to him to lose his vote on important questions while I am sick, and that he is at perfect liberty to vote as he deems proper.

We all remember his last appearance upon the floor of the Senate. He came here when he was so weak that he was

hardly able to walk; he came against the advice of his physician and against the wishes of his family and friends; he came because he believed it to be his duty to come, and standing where I am now standing—for I am speaking from his desk—delivered that eloquent eulogy and paid that magnificent tribute to the life and character of his late colleague, Senator George.

Two weeks from that day, on the evening of the 21st of April, his great spirit crossed over the dark river, and there passed from this earth the truest, the bravest, and the gentlest man I have ever known. We bore his body to the beautiful town of Holly Springs, in Mississippi. Surrounded by many hundreds of the people whom he had served so faithfully, in the cemetery where his footsteps had often strayed in his boyhood days, near the academy where he had received his early education, close by the town where he was admitted to the bar and began the battle of life, we laid him to rest.

We buried him beneath a multitude of flowers which came as tokens of love from almost every town and village in Mississippi, and mingled with the flowers were the tears of many of the gray-haired and battle-scarred soldiers who had followed him through four years of battle, of bloodshed, and of strife. As I listened on that day to the eloquent words of Bishop Thompson, as he spoke of the pure life and high character of his personal friend, the thought came to me that no man could have been intimately associated with General WALTHALL without being a better man, that no man could have known him well without having a higher and better opinion of human nature, and that in the mysterious and unknown life beyond the grave the Great Ruler of us all would do most for him there who had done most for his fellow-men here.

ADDRESS OF MR. SPOONER.

Mr. President, I am sensible to the point of pain that I can not give expression to the tribute which is in my heart for EDWARD CARY WALTHALL. We came into the Senate within one week of each other. Both lawyers by profession, coming into this great forum without previous legislative experience, he certainly with high ideals, both anxious to serve well the people who had honored us, and distrustful of our power to even approximately maintain the standard created here by our predecessors, we met upon a common plane.

He early admitted me to his friendship, and we entered into a pair with each other which continued during my former term, and was, to my delight, renewed upon my return a little over a year ago.

I shall always count it an honor that he gave me his confidence, and I shall always value the friendship which existed between us. To me the friendship of Senator WALTHALL was of no ordinary quality. It was not effusive, but one who enjoyed it could not fail to realize its steadfastness. It required no nursing. Once gained, nothing could forfeit it or change it but unworthiness in its object. Emerson said of friendship:

It is sublime to feel and say of another, "I never need meet or speak or write to him; we need not reenforce ourselves or send tokens of remembrance; I rely on him as on myself; if he did thus or thus I know it was right."

This I could always feel of him, and this I can say of him. I never met one in whose personal loyalty I had more implicit trust, or into whose care I would more willingly commit my honor or my life.

Calm, self-contained, thoughtful, always considerate of others,



charitable in his judgments, tolerant of differences of opinion, making due allowance for the influence of tradition, association, the prejudices of environment, and all the factors which enter into life, his was a character rare in its evenness and perfection. He was modest, brave, sympathetic, and tender. He always bore about him a dignity of demeanor which, while it never in anywise repelled, commanded ever-increasing respect from those who were his intimates.

It has been said that "familiarity is the most destructive of all iconoclasts." In this sense no one could be his familiar. Those who were nearest to him trusted him most and loved him best.

It has not been my fortune to know a man who more instantly commanded respect and confidence than did he. His bearing was noble, and there was an inborn chivalry about him which no manly man could fail to discern. He was frank, sincere, and just. It is no disparagement of any other to say of him that from the South has come no man who in fuller measure answered to the old-time romantic ideal of the best type of the Southern gentleman than did Senator WALTHALL.

There is no place anywhere, to my knowledge, in which more quickly and with more unerring accuracy is judgment formed of the nature, ability, strong points, and weak points of a man than in the Senate; and I recall that among my colleagues on the Republican side of the Senate, in the frank interchange of opinion upon newcomers, there was universal expression of respect for Senator WALTHALL; and the sad news that he had passed into the

Sinless, stirless rest,  
That change which never changes,

brought to the heart of every Senator a keen sense of personal bereavement.

In the time when he came to the Senate there was still existent much of bitterness and sectional suspicion and animosity, the inevitable result of the war and of the political phases which followed it. I confess that I shared that bitterness, and more than once participated in impassioned and denunciatory debate upon sectional lines. All good men rejoice that it has, for the most part, passed away, and no one rejoiced more than Senator WALTHALL that the healing power of time was effacing the wounds and eliminating the bitterness which had held us apart. True, some of the problems are still unsolved, but the people trust to time, patriotism, and a spirit of brotherhood to rightly solve them.

He was in all ways a fit successor to the brilliant and able Lamar, of whom it will always be well remembered that he, of all the Southern statesmen, was the first in public place to sound the sweet note of returning fraternity, and to point his people and our people forward to a time when in heart, in patriotism, in hope, and in pride of a common country and a common flag, we should be one again and forever.

I utter a conviction, born of a consciousness of the influence which his candor and breadth and frankness and the earnest hope, often expressed by Senator WALTHALL, for renewed friendship and fraternity between the sections of our country, had upon my own thought and feeling, when I say that to him and to his presence, more than to any other, is due, in my judgment, the obliteration here of sectional animosity, and the restoration of that amity and confidence so essential to the prosperity and the strength of the Republic.

He seldom participated in debate, although able to cope with any antagonist; but I remember that his first speech, to which the Senate listened intently, won universal commendation, although upon a sectional subject, by the temperate spirit which pervaded it.

He was the first man to teach me that a Confederate soldier, who had won by chivalrous daring his way from the rank of a lieutenant to that of a major-general, and who had led in a hundred battles under a flag which I had hated and against one which I loved, could be as loyal and as faithful to a reunited Republic and to its flag as if there had never been a division among us.

I can easily believe what I have been told by those who have seen him leading the Southern hosts into battle, that he was an ideal soldier, worshipped by the officers and men who served under him, and loved and implicitly trusted by those under whom he served.

He was an able and erudite lawyer. Many times I have had occasion to discuss with him legal questions in a conversational way, notably on an occasion within a year, and it was obvious that his mind was stored with legal principles, well digested and thoroughly and accurately understood. He possessed in a wonderful degree the elements which would have made him a great judge. He was essentially reflective, with fine power not only of analysis but of generalization, and of rare judgment.

No one who knew him will fail to remember of him that he was unusually discriminating and with profound and nice ethical sense; a safe man always to consult with the utmost confidence when one had any doubt upon a question of honor or propriety of conduct.

He hated sham or pretense. Always ready to give to every man his due, he had a contempt for one who claimed more than his due. Never a stickler for the credit due himself for any generous, honorable, or brave act, he despised beyond expression one willing to take to himself credit or honor for an act done by another. He rightly thought it the meanest form of larceny.

I have not known a man who seemed to me more incapable

of an unworthy suspicion or an ignoble thought or act than Senator WALTHALL. And while sometimes here in the heat of debate we say harsh things to one another and of one another, and criticise each other's foibles, weaknesses, and peculiarities, I venture to say that no one ever heard a Senator speak other than in terms of the highest respect for the judgment and characteristics of our dead friend and colleague.

I was not surprised upon my return to the Senate to find him, although in an unostentatious and quiet way, a leader of peculiar power and influence upon that side of this Chamber and so regarded upon this. He made no effort, Mr. President, to win that place. It came to him because it was his due. It was the tribute unconsciously and naturally paid him by appreciative colleagues because of the nobility of his character and the wisdom of his judgment.

It needs not to be said that such a man hated oppression or cruelty. I can not forbear to mention that once, years ago, walking with him down the Avenue, we came across a burly colored man maltreating a ragged, unresisting, weeping colored lad, and I shall never forget how, without a word, with flashing eyes and a pallor brought by indignation into his face, Senator WALTHALL, with strong, quick arm, protected the little one from cruelty and in a manner to make it a lesson to be well remembered by his oppressor, and as we walked along he was as calm as if he were entering a drawing room and as silent about it as if it had been a matter of course. When it was a matter of fair play or humanity, there was no "color line" with him; and any creature, man or woman, child or animal, who or which was being oppressed or treated with cruelty found a ready sympathy in his heart and a prompt defender in his strength.

I have said that he was considerate, and I must be permitted, since I was the object of it, although it has been beautifully

mentioned by the Senator from Arkansas [Mr. Berry], his dear friend, to call again to the attention of the Senate the fact that his last known thought of the Senate and of public duty here was marked by that unselfish consideration for others which ever characterized his conduct.

As he lay dying, Mr. President, released for a little time from the grip of delirium, his body racked with pain, he recalled the fact that we were speedily to vote upon the question of war, and sent word to me by the Senator from Arkansas that he did not feel it would be fair that I should be precluded by reason of his absence from casting my vote upon such a question, and that he desired me to consider myself free to that end. This beautiful trait, possessed by him in such rare measure, ran like golden threads through the warp and woof of his whole life and endeared him to all with whom he came in contact.

I would not for all the world, Mr. President, consciously speak a fulsome word of eulogy above this newmade grave, yet I have said nothing of any fault or foible in him. I knew him long and well, but I did not know him long enough or well enough to discover any fault or weakness in his character.

His beliefs upon all the questions which divide parties were the opposite of mine. Upon these differences we never spoke. How much of his opinions or of mine were due to the power of association, the strength of tradition, I know not. I never allowed myself to doubt that in all his beliefs he was sincere and, from his standpoint, purely patriotic.

In an inadequate and imperfect way I have given my estimate of him as a man. I had for him strong affection. He was a true knight, "without fear and without reproach," faithful in his friendships, loyal to his convictions. Well, indeed, did he obey the injunction of Chalmers: "Write your name in kindness, love, and mercy on the hearts of the thou-



sands you come in contact with year by year, and you will never be forgotten." He will not be forgotten, Mr. President. In all the time to come, among the most priceless treasures of Mississippi, the State to which he gave his devoted love, will be the name and fame of EDWARD CARY WALTHALL, and here at the Capitol of the nation his career as a Senator will be a fragrant memory so long as any who have served here in this generation shall be remembered.

ADDRESS OF MR. GRAY.

Mr. President, the task I have undertaken to perform is the most difficult that has ever fallen to my lot. To speak here of the man I had come to love as a brother, how shall I do it and avoid, on the one hand, the display of a private grief, unbecoming this presence, and on the other, the perfunctory and conventional phrases of obituary eulogy?

I would prefer to be a silent mourner for my lost friend, to embalm his memory in my heart, and wait upon the soothing effect of time to assuage my sorrow. I can do nothing now but add my voice to the general lamentation or swell the chorus of praise that has followed WALTHALL to his last long home.

In that beautiful country where last month we buried him amid a wilderness of flowers, the offerings of a sorrowing and affectionate people, the summer winds will chant his requiem and the silent stars will keep vigil over his grave. But the winds will never blow and the stars will never shine upon a truer, knightlier, or purer soul than WALTHALL'S.

There are certain words in our language which come spontaneously to our lips when speaking of our departed friend, words full of meaning and tense with feeling and emotion. They would fall unpleasantly on the ear were they ordinarily used, and offend against those canons of taste which forbid exaggeration or extravagance in speech. But they fall pleasantly on the ear when applied to WALTHALL, and, suggesting nothing but the truth, can not offend when used to portray his character.

"Chivalrous" and "knightly" are these words, often abused and misapplied. It seems as if they were reserved to have

their full meaning, and all that they imply, illustrated by his life and conduct. If to be chivalrous is to be high-minded, magnanimous, courageous, unselfish, gentle, and true, preferring death to dishonor, then WALTHALL was the embodiment of chivalry. He never lowered his standard, never compromised his convictions of duty; and all this rigidity of moral principle was covered with the mantle of his affectionate and kindly personality, which drew men to him and made them his friends.

He was a gentleman in the best acceptance of that word, and I have sometimes thought that the best way to define the word was to point to him as the embodiment of all that it meant. The best description of a gentleman that I know is that given by inspiration in the fifteenth Psalm, and to no one could it be more justly applied than to our departed friend:

Lord, who shall abide in Thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in Thy holy hill?

He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart.

He that backbiteth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil to his neighbor, nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbor.

In whose eyes a vile person is contemned; but he honoreth them that fear the Lord. He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not.

He that putteth not out his money to usury, nor taketh reward against the innocent. He that doeth these things shall never be moved.

Mr. President, the world is better for such lives as WALTHALL'S; and though the circle of his friends, the Senate and the State that loved him, and the country at large, are poorer by his death, they can never lose the legacy of his noble character and its inspiration to high living and unselfish devotion to high ideals.

There is no contribution that Mississippi could have made to the nation that could have compared in enduring value to that of the character of her great soldier and statesman whose death we mourn to-day, and no State in this great sisterhood of States can fail to realize the bright hopes of a high destiny that breeds such men and builds such character.

"The world is upheld by the veracity of good men; they make the earth wholesome." A State or a Commonwealth takes its reputation from its ideals, and a society that honors such character as WALTHALL'S is itself honored.

General WALTHALL'S reputation as a soldier can better be spoken of by others; that it was of the highest I have the testimony of those who are best qualified to speak—his fellow-soldiers of the South. As intimate as it was my good fortune to be with him, I rarely heard him allude to the great epoch of the civil war, in which his part was so conspicuous and honorable, and then only to some phase or incident of it unrelated to himself. That he was a great soldier I have learned from the history of the war, and I read the story of his affection for the men whom he commanded and with whom he shared the hardships and dangers of the camp and field, and of their devotion to him, in the tear-stained faces of the survivors of his old brigade, as they marched behind his hearse, laden with the flowers that were to make beautiful his open grave.

As a Senator, it is needless that I should speak of him in the hearing of those, his colleagues, who surround me. We all remember sadly to-day the erect and gallant form which was rarely absent from its seat during a session of the Senate. Attentive, vigilant, and untiring in the performance of his public duty, Senator WALTHALL served his State and his country with a fidelity I have never seen surpassed. How wise he was in counsel, how steady and self-contained when others were ex-

cited, and how naturally we all turned to him for advice and leadership! Rarely taking the floor to speak, never exploiting himself, he exercised an influence on this body and its individual members which it and they were glad to recognize, and which was always for good. Here, as elsewhere, he contributed to the body of which he was a member the inestimable boon of his high character.

We were all glad to have him pointed out as a representative Senator and to put him in the front rank of those whose presence here was to refute the calumnies with which this body is sometimes assailed. That he did not often indulge in speech-making was not because he could not speak well. Few excelled him in forceful and persuasive speech. With clear apprehension of the point in discussion, his arguments were logical and well ordered and calculated to convince. His mind was honest. It could not consciously tolerate fallacious reasoning, and the sincerity of his conviction tended to carry conviction to the minds of others. But the innate modesty and the self-suppressing habit of his life kept him from claiming the applause he could so easily win.

Mr. President, I have already said that one need have no fear of making himself amenable to the charge of extravagance or exaggeration in speaking of the character of Senator WALTHALL. I have no such fear. Yet all that I have said seems to me commonplace and unworthy. I can not dissect and criticise the elements that went to make up the rounded whole of his beautiful life. Faults doubtless there were, but I can not try to discover them. Words of cold criticism would tremble and falter on my lips should I try to utter them. I can only speak from the standpoint of my affection and admiration. It is not now the wise statesman, the intrepid soldier and com-



mander, or the learned and well-equipped lawyer of whom I am thinking.

It is the friend I have lost, and who can never be replaced. It is those things which I feel but can not give utterance to that fill my heart and mind, and it is a tribute of love and affection, not of praise and cold approbation, that I would lay as a chaplet on his grave. Tears, not eulogy, are more fitting and natural to-day. The time is so short since we bore him from this Chamber to sleep in the warm bosom of the State which loved and honored him and amid the gallant people whom he so loved and honored that we still seem in the shadow of his grave. Grief must have its place and claim the privilege of silence rather than of speech.

The name and memory of WALTHALL will long continue a precious tradition of the Senate and an inspiration to ingenuous American youth.

May the simple, genuine spirit of the man who never acted a part or tried to seem other than he was long hover in this storied Chamber.

And though the warrior's sun has set,  
Its light shall linger round us yet,  
Bright, radiant, blest.

Scarce had he need to doff his pride or slough the dross of earth—  
E'en as he trod that day to God so walked he from his birth,  
In simpleness and gentleness and honor and clean mirth.

\* \* \* \* \*

He had done his work and heid his peace and had no fear to die.

ADDRESS OF MR. GORMAN.

Mr. President, during the past few years death has been very busy in this Chamber. It seems but yesterday since we followed from these walls to their tombs the caskets of the beloved Colquitt, Vance, Harris, and George.

And so close were their deaths upon their retirement from this Chamber that we may include those of McPherson, Coke, and Voorhees, all illustrious Senators and patriots.

And to-day, before the flowers are withered upon the grave of his colleague, we are brought together to lay our offerings on the urn of WALTHALL.

The fountains of human sorrow never run dry. Tears fresh and overflowing will fall when the heart is struck, just as the showers in great drops break from the clouds at the lightning's stroke. Human emotion and sympathy are inexhaustible, and each repetition of bereavement and sympathy calls forth its own grief and affliction.

No death among all others that have taken place in our day has touched more deeply the heart of the Senate than that of our beloved associate, Senator WALTHALL, to whose memory we now record our sense of his loss and our sorrow at his death.

Senator WALTHALL was born and passed his youth in Virginia—that grand, nourishing mother of great men—so full of memories and associations to inspire and cultivate the highest and noblest sentiments of duty and patriotism. He settled for life in the then young and vigorous State of Mississippi—the theater of Prentiss, Quitman, Foote, and Davis.

Scarcely had he begun his successful career when the civil war broke out, and for four years his bright and blameless sword shed the glory of Southern arms amid the shields of

Johnston, Bragg, Polk, and Breckenridge. The war ended and he returned to his home to meet in work and duty there associates like Lamar, Hooker, Percy, Singleton, and the noble sons of Mississippi. In the full vigor of his faculties and attainments, upon the accession of Senator Lamar to the Cabinet in 1885, Senator WALTHALL came to the Senate.

My first personal knowledge of Senator WALTHALL was derived from Senator Lamar. That very great and very distinguished man spoke of his friend in words that still live in my memory; in words of admiration, affection, and of deepest interest; in words of praise and elevation seldom spoken of any man. The friendship of these eminent men was indeed beautiful; it lasted through life. It reminded me of two stars of the "first magnitude" in the heavens in close proximity, of equal brilliancy, and shedding upon and receiving from each other their united glory.

Of Senator WALTHALL'S career in the Senate, after the just and exalted tributes rendered to it, it seems more than superfluous for me to add one word. That career was at all times the same. It was uniform, steady, consistent, constant, conscientious, diligent, dutiful; animated by the purest patriotism, directed to the noblest purposes, sustained by the most enlightened convictions, and untouched by a selfish ambition.

It was useful, honorable, admirable, without shadow or blemish, and commanded universal approbation. If he had any other end save the good of his people and the honor of his country, it was impossible to see or even to suspect it. In all things, at all times, under all circumstances, he was erect. He never stooped, or bent, or swerved, or wavered.

His actions were never dubious; never devious; but always direct, open, candid, fair. He moved on plain, straight lines only. The rays of the sun do not descend from their source

with more certainty and truth than did all the words and acts of WALTHALL upon any subject in the Senate presented for his consideration.

He was never aggressive; never presumptuous; never, never offensive. With a sensibility to honor so delicate that he would not brook at life's cost a breath's shadow on his name, he was considerate, courteous, kind, deferential to all who differed with him. He did not believe that he had the right or duty to think for others. He regarded every Senator as the representative of his own State, and that his rights, statements, and arguments, when within the rules of the Senate, were sacred from rudeness and beyond assault and personal criticism.

He was as firm and quiet as the Rock of Gibraltar. He would have suffered martyrdom before he would have submitted to the dishonor of his State or country. But when great issues were at stake, when differences shook the country or his party, when peril to either was present, he was always ready and prompt to agree and unite with a majority of good men in measures of conciliation and adjustment which did not vitally threaten the life or honor of the country.

He had great respect for the judgment of his peers, and he accorded to them the same sincerity of conviction and propriety of action which he knew controlled him. He spoke pure, chaste, classic English. He was an Anglo-Saxon in his style, and not Greek or Roman. When I heard him I often thought that, like my old friend Charles J. M. Gwynn, attorney-general of Maryland, he had doubtless acquired his style from the best models of the great lawyers of England and the United States.

Senator WALTHALL was eccentric in nothing. He was never extreme, never destructive. He was proper, reasonable, conservative always.

In one respect he was happy above nearly all the great men

of his time: "He lived and died without enemies." He excited no hostilities. His policy, his principle, was to do no wrong and never to submit to wrong. He was as brave as a lion, yet tender as a gentle woman. His judgment was absolutely fearless and extremely clear. His arguments were generally axioms, and the influence of his position with men was very controlling. His positions were taken after great deliberation, and it was never safe to combat them without preparation.

In the Senate he was exceedingly useful. While maintaining with highest integrity the dignity of a Southern man who had once taken up arms against the Government, he did not permit one sectional prejudice to disturb his sense of duty to the Union. His love for the South made his duty to the Union, his devotion to the country, more sacred.

It is impossible to do justice to the propriety of his manner. It was exquisite. Not after the method of Chesterfield; it was natural, sincere, agreeable; without artifice, very manly, and producing confidence and attachment and highest esteem; it reflected and expressed in every action and tone the soul of which it was the shadow.

He never sought office. His people sought him to bestow position—high position—on him. He was uniformly elected a Senator without competition, and while justly cherishing the great honor, he could and did lay aside a seat in the Senate with the serenity of a philosopher because he supposed his health not equal to the duty.

As a statesman he was never subjected to its supreme trial. He never had to oppose and resist a mighty impulse of his people which his judgment condemned as wrong and dangerous. Had that terrible condition confronted him, I trust that, with the sublime quality of Washington, he would have stood like a rock against the furious waves of popular madness and offered himself as a sacrifice to save his country



Mr. President, he was not perfect. God alone is perfect. But he could not have been as he was without being a true Christian, loving his fellow-man and fearing and obeying his Maker.

Senators, this man was not the child of chance or fortune. This excellent and rare combination and embodiment was the growth and consummation of causes. It was not a charm, or spell, or accident.

Of WALTHALL truly may it be said that all the virtues in their strength and loveliness made up the harmony of his character. Truth, courage, honor, justice, fidelity, love, duty, pity, gratitude, mercy, and prudence presiding over all, combined to form this model of excellence, this man "who lived and died without an enemy."

I fancy that I comprehend to some extent the cause that made him so respected, so admired, so beloved by all. It was not alone the dignity and grace of his presence, the cordial smile on his lips, the elegance of his attire, the propriety of his deportment, the clear words that fell from his lips, the logic, the argument, the persuasion of his speech; not the story of his splendid gallantry on bloody fields, nor his patient fortitude amid disaster; not his eminent success at the law; not alone the rectitude of his moral life, the sweetness of his home, the beautiful exhibition of his humanity; not his long service in the Senate and the proud laurels which he wore; not his lamented death, with its touching surroundings. No! No! It is not one or many of these commendations; but it is the union, the concurrence, of all these qualities, all these virtues, in one harmonious, consistent, invariable whole that commands our admiration sympathy, and love.

Senators, in the presence of this illustrious and magnificent example we feel like exclaiming, "How inestimable is the value of the patriot to his country!" Who can calculate the worth of

this man? His life, his deeds, his services, his purity—all, all, for the good of his country! Society has been exalted by his influence, politics and statesmanship dignified and refined by his association, and the hopes of the Republic and of humanity encouraged by his example.

Peace and honor—beautiful, sweet peace; bright, cloudless honor—to his memory! May precious flowers in the morning shed the incense of loveliest affection on his grave! May evening's soft light halo its shadows, and may Sculpture contrive a shaft of whitest marble to bespeak the purity of his heart and the excellence of his life!

## ADDRESS OF MR. COCKRELL.

Mr. President, EDWARD CARY WALTHALL, late United States Senator from the State of Mississippi, was born in Richmond, Va., on April 4, 1831.

His father during his son's boyhood removed to Holly Springs, Miss., where the son received an academic education and at an early age began the study of the law, his chosen pursuit in life, and was admitted to the bar in 1852. He removed shortly afterwards to Coffeeville, in his adopted State, and entered upon the practice of his profession. In 1856 he was elected district attorney for the tenth judicial district of the State of Mississippi, and was reelected in 1859.

In the spring of 1861 he resigned his office of district attorney and entered the Confederate service as a second lieutenant in the Fifteenth Mississippi Regiment, and was soon thereafter elected lieutenant-colonel of that regiment. In the spring of 1862 he was elected colonel of the Twenty-ninth Mississippi Regiment, and in the following December was promoted to brigadier-general, and served as such until June, 1864, when he was promoted to major-general, and served as such until the close of the war.

He then resumed the practice of the law at Coffeeville until January, 1871, when he removed to Grenada, and continued his legal practice there until March, 1885.

Early in March, 1885, Hon. L. Q. C. Lamar resigned his seat in the Senate of the United States to accept the office of Secretary of the Interior in President Cleveland's first Cabinet, and General WALTHALL was appointed by the governor of Mississippi to fill the vacancy, and took his seat in the Senate on March 12, 1885.

In January, 1886, he was elected by the legislature for the unexpired term, and was reelected in January, 1888, for the term ending March 3, 1895, and in January, 1892, was reelected for the term ending March 3, 1901.

In January, 1894, on account of ill health, he resigned the unexpired term ending March 3, 1895, and on March 4, 1895, he entered upon his term in the Senate ending March 3, 1901.

He was chosen by the Democratic conventions of his State as a delegate at large to the national Democratic conventions in 1868, 1876, 1880, 1884, and 1896; in 1868 was one of the vice-presidents of the national Democratic convention, and in 1876, 1880, 1884, and 1896 was the chairman of the Mississippi delegation.

He had been in delicate health for some years past. His fatal illness began about February 1, 1898, and he was confined to his apartments in this city for weeks.

On April 7 last, the day set for paying the last tribute to his late colleague, Hon. James Z. George, deceased, Senator WALTHALL, still weak and slightly convalescent, against the protests of his friends and physicians, came to the Senate and delivered an address upon the life and character of his deceased colleague. He contracted a cold, which developed into typhoid pneumonia, against the ravages of which his extraordinary vitality could not successfully combat; and shortly after 5 o'clock in the afternoon of April 21, 1898, his useful, illustrious, and honored career on earth was ended, and he entered upon an immortal life beyond the reach of disease, suffering, or death. Few have lived a nobler, better life; few have enjoyed more fully the respect, confidence, friendship, and affection of the people of his adopted State; few have received higher honors at their hands than Gen. EDWARD CARY WALTHALL.

In all the relations of life and in all the varied positions of

trust and honor conferred upon him he was an exemplar—incorruptible, faithful, diligent, earnest, true, and unostentatious. He was a successful and able lawyer—clear, concise, and convincing in the presentation of the facts and law, and justly enjoyed an eminent and enviable position at the bar. In the fearful fratricidal war of 1861 to 1865, when American citizen soldiers met each other in deadly battle array, he entered as a second lieutenant, and by his fearless gallantry and clearly developed military abilities he justly merited and rose from rank to rank to major-general.

In his general bearing and his striking and attractive personality he was the ideal soldier and officer.

When the war closed, the wisest, broadest statesmanship, the noblest humanity, and the purest Christianity demanded peace, reconciliation, and fraternity among all our people, North, South, East, and West, that the wounds, bruises, and devastations of the war might be healed and repaired, and we might become one people, in one country, under one flag, with like purposes, hopes, and aspirations. To the full accomplishment of this glorious result, now realized and felt by all our people within all our extended domain, General WALTHALL contributed his full share. In the discharge of all his official duties as a Senator he was punctual, faithful, industrious, and reliable, and was a wise, safe, and conservative counselor.

He served with marked ability on many important committees, and was at his death a member of the Committees on Finance, Military Affairs, Civil Service and Retrenchment, and Rules. Few Senators have ever enjoyed more fully the admiration, respect, and confidence of his colleagues in this Chamber.

As a husband he was faithful, tender, and devoted.

In 1863 and 1864 I became personally acquainted with General WALTHALL, and our acquaintance soon ripened into the



warmest personal friendship. I feel his death as a personal bereavement. He was a constant, true, and faithful friend, unassuming and unselfish. His companionship was always interesting, pleasant, and attractive.

I respected, admired, and loved him for his nobility of character in all the relations of life, and for his abilities and wisdom. We shall miss his presence in this Chamber, and shall feel the loss of his intelligent and useful labors, his prudent and wise counsels, and his fearless and impartial actions. He was a fearless, model soldier, a true friend, a most useful Senator, a wise and able statesman, and the most perfect, exemplary gentleman.

## ADDRESS OF MR. BATE.

For the second time, Mr. President, in the same Congress, the Senate meets to pay its last tribute of admiration and regard to a Senator from Mississippi. But few months have passed since our last mournful garlands were hung over the chair of the late Senator George, of that State, and to-day we are called upon to mingle our regrets at the death of his colleague, EDWARD CARY WALTHALL. Truly, "Death borders upon our birth, and our cradle stands in the grave," and there are neither exemptions nor exceptions in that dread summons, which serves its process without discrimination as to honors or services—to-day upon a Gladstone, whose fame completes the honors of a century, and to-morrow strikes down some lowly peasant.

Truly, we all "await alike the inevitable hour" and follow only "the paths which lead but to the grave."

The associations of years upon this floor, the concurrence and agreement in public measures, the sympathy and sufferings in the tent and on the field of battle, all prompt me to offer the tribute of my sincerest regard and highest admiration for the memory of EDWARD CARY WALTHALL.

Long personal acquaintance and an earnest appreciation of his many and excellent virtues would induce me, were my powers equal to my will, to erect for him an imperishable monument. As I have been associated with him in the same efforts that have marked his most important public services, I am enabled to bear truthful testimonial of fine character and eminent worth as citizen and Senator in time of peace and as a superb and unsurpassed soldier in time of war. His sudden departure from the public service, from home, family, and

friends can not fail to arouse in the minds of all who knew him sentiments of profound regret.

In this great community of States, Mississippi has many sympathizers, who will bear heartfelt testimony of their appreciation of the eminent character of her representatives in this body.

Senator WALTHALL was a native of Richmond, Va. At an early age he emigrated to the State of Mississippi. Here he received his education and grew to distinguished manhood. Here he won the esteem of his fellow-citizens and received the honors that crown his memory. Here were formed his early associations; here were matured the political sentiments that guided and directed him through life.

It is no ordinary character that we are called upon to portray. From his quiet, courteous deportment among his fellow-Senators, from his words of truth and earnestness, we can measure our sad bereavement. We may not expect soon to see that gentle dignity united to that heroic courage and chivalrous sense of honor that felt a stain worse than a wound.

He took in by inheritance, as it were, the principles of Democracy as taught by the Virginia fathers; he imbibed their spirit as a natural gift through the atmosphere of free thought. They were thoroughly imbued with the conviction of the inherent right of the people to govern themselves. These convictions Mr. Jefferson had crystallized in his immortal work. This has become the political gospel of men of noble aspirations and all friends of the equal worth of men. The relations of the State to the Federal Government were clearly defined in Mr. Jefferson's celebrated resolutions that became an important chapter in the political history of that Commonwealth.

The same principles obtained no less prominence in Mississippi and were advocated with more intensity. In no State were

political questions treated with more earnest convictions. The principles of Democracy in all their various aspects were maintained by a body of the most eloquent, learned, and determined advocates that ever appeared on the hustings. The public intelligence was never more completely cultivated, and the general acquaintance with all the great political issues was thorough.

Among the leading political debaters may be ranked McNutt, Poindexter, Foote, Davis, and the matchless orator, Prentiss. The bench and the bar of the State were occupied with men noted for their learning and brilliant advocacy. It was amid a galaxy of illustrious names that Senator WALTHALL received his first political lessons and made his advent in the legal profession. His professional course was dictated by his moral personality; and his personality was the same in all relations of life.

A sincere and earnest purpose in his intercourse with all men in public or private duties marked the conduct of a character that never departed from the most delicate shades of honor. In all his eventful life, in peace and war, no suspicion that could mar his well-regulated conduct with men was ever entertained. So careful and just to all with whom he had relations was he that he was exempt from censure.

Senator WALTHALL received an academic education in Holly Springs, Miss., and studied law, and was there admitted to practice. He devoted himself with that assiduity that has ever marked his course in life. His success was rapid and remunerative, and soon he stood among the leaders of his profession, preeminent for brilliant talents and legal learning. He attained distinction and went to the front free from envy or antagonistic rivalry. This was the result of his personality.

He was in harmony with the people in their political sentiments. He was endowed by nature with a refined sensibility

that introduced him to the confidence of the profession and the people. A supreme regard for the interests of his clients and the sanctity of his duty to them rendered him careful in the preparation of his cases and earnest in their advocacy. This gave him influence with the court and jury. A lofty integrity and an acute sense of honor disrobed him of any suspicion of professional trick or the possibility of trifling with the interests of those who had confided in him.

With a zeal reenforced by an ardent sense of duty he devoted an intelligence that always proved adequate to the exigencies. His conscientious regard for his client's rights excited the most careful consideration of the principles involved. An exact judgment and an acute, penetrating, and active intellect were brought to the subject before him. A refined, courteous manner, born of his respect for the dignity and worth of all men, secured for him the respect of all classes. He had no strong yearning for office, but a determination to deserve the confidence of the community in his character for integrity and sincerity.

Instructed by the light of a former generation and encouraged by the success that had crowned their sublime purpose under like conditions, and seeing with impatience that which they believed to be a studied effort to deprive them of constitutional rights, the States of the South resolved, respectively, to assert their sovereign rights and retire from the Union and form a new republic that would be influenced by the voice of her own people, among whom similar pursuits created similar interests.

They were not dissatisfied with the Republic of their fathers, but they feared for their dearest interests under the influence of new political principles that had triumphed in the Republic, which they regarded as a direct menace to their institutions.



Long and anxious had the people anticipated the crisis. Forty years of discussion and waiting had brought to them full fruits of their painful anxiety. The election of President in 1860 seemed to them the knell of submission or the establishment of a new government "founded on such principles and organizing its powers in such form as to them seemed most likely to effect their safety and happiness."

Senator WALTHALL, thoroughly imbued with these views, earnestly enlisted in the cause of his native and beloved South. His soldierly qualities, his fine powers, and earnest nature carried him through the military grades to that of major-general. He acted from patriotic conviction and in response to the demand of his State, which was his sovereign, and, if I may say so, in obedience to the demands of that unseen force that broods over human society and inspires the great events that mark the progress of humanity.

Mr. President, all great changes in society are preceded by extraordinary efforts. It is only during the throes of creative epochs that great characters are evolved. They mark the growth of the nations; they impress their purposes, philosophy, and sentiments on the human race. The conspicuous personages in history are evoked by those great epochs that force intense and severe conflicts of sentiments. They erect their monuments on the shores of time in the form of great and good men and noble deeds, and are as conspicuous as are the lofty mountains that mark the topography of the earth.

They are only the living active forces that are created by the epochs. This period, in which occurred our war between the States, developed many splendid characters, of which any country might be justly proud; and among them is found, in our brief but brilliant Confederate history, the name of Gen. EDWARD C. WALTHALL.

I can not speak too highly of his success. To his fine judgment, earnest and dignified deportment, he added a fervent and unselfish patriotism. His gentle and simple manners were reinforced with the courage and prowess of Chevalier Bayard.

Firm and undaunted in battle, self-poised and resourceful in defeat, as distinguished for his generous humanity as he was revered for his heroic conduct in action, were the characteristics of his army life. He was the same character in war that he was in peace; devoted to his duty, he consecrated his fine powers to the interests of his country, and for the success of the cause he deemed it the supreme act of patriotism to secure its triumphs.

Mr. President, like my honorable friend who has just preceded me, my first soldier acquaintance with General WALTHALL was preceding the Bragg-Rosecrans campaign, the objective of which was south of the Tennessee River. This campaign culminated in the grand historic battle of Chickamauga, in September, 1863. General WALTHALL was on the Confederate side, and was in the forefront from the beginning to the close of that great battle, which history is writing as the best-fought battle on both sides during the war. This brilliant victory for the Confederates was soon followed by their defeat at Missionary Ridge, where my friend from Florida [Mr. Pasco] was wounded. WALTHALL heard the shout of victory of the Confederates at Chickamauga, and that of victory from Federals at Missionary Ridge. I can only refer to the winter spent in Dalton, Ga., and the north Georgia campaign of a hundred days, when every movement was a battlefield and every battlefield a graveyard.

For one hundred days cannons thundered and muskets flashed, and for one hundred nights the stars looked down on newmade graves and new battle lines stained with blood, in all of which General WALTHALL bore a conspicuous part. And so

around Atlanta and Jonesboro, and then on to the glorious and ill-fated field of Franklin, Tenn., where 6,000 out of less than 15,000 trained and tried Confederate soldiers went down before the Federal breastworks in less than an hour and a half and in the most unjustifiable and unnecessary battle of the war.

It was a victory, but to gain it destroyed an army. WALTHALL was one of the assaulting party, as was my friend in front of me [Mr. Cockrell]. He was also one of us to experience subsequent defeat around Nashville, and being ordered to bring up the rear of the retreating Confederate army, along with General Forrest, commanding the cavalry, did so in splendid manner and deservedly gained honor and credit for so doing.

He followed the Confederate army and was a part of it at its surrender.

The first great battle in which General WALTHALL and myself were together in the fight was that of Chickamauga, under General Bragg, and what a history it has, both in war and in peace. See Chickamauga to-day. No battlefield on earth, nothing in history is like unto Chickamauga. It was there on two separate days, in 1863, that men of the same kith and kin, after marching and countermarching for position, met in deadly conflict. WALTHALL was in that line. My friend from Missouri [Mr. Cockrell] was in it. The field, after desperate struggle, was held by the Confederates, with a loss of near 30 per cent on each side.

To-day presents a scene not known to history. The parties who fought there then, amid the smoke of battle, grappled to the death, are to-day mustering together in a common cause on the blood-marked field and sleeping together under the same tent cloth, and drilling and marching together as though they had never been enemies. What field can

show such a history? It is a spectacle unique in history, without its parallel in all the annals of war. It is the romance of reality. How wondrous are the ways of Providence! "Behind a frowning Providence He hides a smiling face."

The Iliad of our long-exhausting woes having closed, Senator WALTHALL accepted the situation, returned to his home, resumed his profession amid the scattered remains of former prosperity and new political and social conditions. Life had to be commenced again under very embarrassing circumstances. With that heroic purpose that had ever marked his course he devoted his finest powers to the work. Before his unfaltering fortitude all opposing obstacles yielded. The work of reconstruction was not only a grave impediment to the restoration of prosperity, but a most humiliating experience for the old residents of the State.

It was found in the South to be impossible to elevate an inferior race to the same moral, social, and political plane by a mere legislative enactment. Dissociable races must find by experience their working relations. This has often resulted in the total destruction of the weaker or their expulsion from the country. In the South the jarring contest finally melted into a tranquil submission to the natural laws of mutual interests. The life and services of Senator WALTHALL were not forgotten by a grateful people who had been given his finest service to promote their prosperity.

They elevated him to a seat in the body where his last labors were exerted for the Republic. There he knew he entered on sacred ground, trod in the olden time by the wise and great of the Republic, the demigods of the nation's glory. Their noble virtues and inspiring example were to him a pillar of fire by night and a directing cloud by day. To form a new nation and nurse it into vigorous manhood

is the highest gift of the statesman. Next to these are the men who seek to maintain the established order and preserve in their integrity the institutions handed down by the creative men, such as our fathers were.

His modest deportment, refined manners, truthful and sincere mien won for him honors and the approbation of all who knew him. Rarely in history do we find such marked efficiency united with such delicate sensibility. It is a notable instance where unassuming merit secured the prize that usually falls to the lot of aggressive audacity. He not only possessed genuine courage, but all the virtues akin to it. To a sense of duty and fidelity to the principles that actuated him, he added a ready intelligence and simple but captivating address that won all hearts, and none more than the Senators with whom he came in daily contact. He was not so ambitious of position as he was determined to deserve it, and was content with the conscious sense of having acted to the best of his ability the part assigned.

Senator WALTHALL belonged to that class of statesmen who devote themselves to the duty of maintaining the institutions of the country in their present state. He had a firm confidence in the capacity of the people to provide for their own local self-government and that separate States could best maintain their own local interest. He opposed all measures calculated to diminish the influence and power of the States. He knew that the Federal Government, with its vast prerogatives, commanding influence, and immense patronage would not only take care of its integrity, but was continually trenching on the reserved rights of the States. Hence, with anxious solicitude he guarded the rights and interests of the States from all encroachments.

In the smaller communities the liberties of the people were



secure so long as they were in the care of and protected by the State. The growing influence of the Federal Government and the diminution of the State were manifest, especially since the civil war, and were calculated to arrest the attention of all lovers of the Republic as it was organized and put in motion by Washington and his illustrious companions.

These duties, often important and of grave character, were performed by Senator WALTHALL with such a sense of justice and regard for the feelings and rights of others as to leave no sting behind them. No enmities mar his bright and stainless record—only the memories redolent of tender sympathies and sweet and pleasing reminiscence.

The late Senator from Mississippi was a man just and tenacious of purpose, with a refined and penetrating judgment, capable of bringing together within a short space all that was necessary to establish, to illustrate, and to decorate that side of a question which he supported, and stated his matter skillfully and with luminous explanation.

He was a politician, sincere and courageous, believing conscientiously in the principles of his party; yielding to no temptations of temporary expediency in the defense or advocacy of its measures or in the support of its administrations. He was destitute of all injustice toward those who differed from him on the great principles of government or measures of administration, awarding to every opponent the same honesty and sincerity which he knew actuated and governed his own public life.

He took no short cuts in politics, but pursued the well-defined paths of constitutional government, believing that only by a strict adherence to our fundamental charter would honesty in the administration of our Government be secured and prosperity and happiness attend the people.

His masculine understanding and stout, resolute heart gave an earnestness of purpose to all his undertakings, which were always directed toward the preservation and improvement of his State and country and the happiness, prosperity, and advancement of the people.

Bred to the profession of the law, that first and foremost of the sciences, which quickens and invigorates as well as liberalizes the understanding, he rose to prominence at the bar of Mississippi, and at an early age was, from 1856 to 1861, the district attorney for the tenth judicial district of that State. The civil war in 1861 arrested for a time his advancement in his profession, but on the return of peace he resumed its practice and continued to rise in its honors and emoluments.

In the midst of professional engagements he was not indifferent to the claims of his party upon his time and abilities, and became a prominent figure in the national Democratic conventions from 1868 to 1896, in which, as vice-president and chairman of the Mississippi delegation, he gave to his party the benefits of his abilities and experience. That prominence in the councils of his party naturally led to his selection as Senator on the resignation of Mr. Lamar, and his repeated subsequent elections by the legislature of Mississippi in 1886, 1888, and 1892 attest the confidence and admiration of the people of that State, who have continuously honored and sustained him in all the efforts of his public life.

He passed from the camp through the legal forum to the Senate where the integrity of his character was a shield against calumny, and no rumor or report ever tarnished its brightness. He kept the even tenor of a diligent and industrious application to public duties, seeking neither applause nor compliment, content in the satisfaction that he served Mississippi with all

the industry and energy of his nature, and the United States with the best efforts of mind and body.

Such, Mr. President, is but a brief epitome of the public usefulness of the late Senator from Mississippi, to whom the Senate pays this day the last tribute of its admiration and regard.

Without discrimination I can say that since my entrance into this Hall there has not been among us a more erect and independent spirit, a man of higher honor, of more manly mind or more firm and determined integrity than EDWARD CARY WALTHALL.

He sleeps now in the bosom of our Southland, the land he loved; the land upon whose altar he offered life and all that life holds dear; the land where the sunlight glints in genial glow and the quick twinkle of the stars come true and gentle; where the skies bended as a bow, but the bow is without an arrow; a land where the magnolia is green all the year long and her blossom crown is ever white; where the nightingale's song is in tune and the "musk of the roses blows."

He sleeps there, and his dust, as it enriches and nurtures, imparts his own modesty to the violets that peep out in early spring from the little green mound that swells above the buried chivalry; and if his unaffected purity of purpose and simplicity of nature in life linger with his dust, their virtues will feed the little daisies in their growth, while his warm Mississippi patriotism will give aroma and color to the rose as it bursts with imprisoned sweets. Peace to the ashes of my comrade in war and in peace.

## ADDRESS OF MR. PASCO.

Mr. President, on the 24th of March last our late associate, EDWARD CARY WALTHALL, united with his brother Senators in the memorial services held in this Chamber on the death of the late Senator Isham G. Harris, of Tennessee, and was among those who addressed the Senate on that occasion. Two weeks later, on the 7th of April, similar services were held in memory of his former colleague, James Z. George. Senator WALTHALL offered appropriate resolutions expressing the regret and sorrow of the Senate at the death of the late Senator and the condolence of the Senate with the family of the deceased and the people of Mississippi in their bereavement, and delivered an address which will no doubt be preserved among the historic archives of that great State. These two distinguished sons were long associated together in public service, and the recollections and views and opinions of the survivor have a special value for this reason.

But the occasion will always be remembered with peculiar interest by Senator WALTHALL's immediate friends in the Senate, because it was the last time he met with us here. He had been in a low state of health during the latter part of the winter, and for many weeks was absent from his accustomed seat. Through great care and attention he got over the attack, and when convalescing was advised to seek rest from his public duties. He was unwilling to do so, and believed that his strength would be gradually restored if he did not overtax himself. He resumed his work in the Senate and set his mind upon delivering the two addresses I have referred to. We hoped that when these duties were discharged he would spare himself and grow stronger as the spring advanced.

None of us realized when he asked at the close of the memorial services that the resolutions of the State legislature and of the supreme court of Mississippi in memory of Senator George be included with the Senate proceedings that his voice would never again be heard in the Senate. But his last adjournment had come. When we next met he was confined to his bed, and never again arose. Two weeks after the close of the memorial services, at about the same hour of the day, he crossed the dark river and left earth's scenes behind him.

My personal acquaintance with Senator WALTHALL commenced after my election to the Senate in 1887. But I had often seen him before then, when we were both engaged in the military service of the Confederate States during the late war, and I thus became familiar with his military career during some of the years that that terrible struggle continued. The regiment to which I belonged joined the Western army in the summer of 1862, and accompanied General Bragg in his famous march through Tennessee and Kentucky. WALTHALL was in that campaign as colonel of the Twenty-ninth Mississippi in Chalmers's brigade, and his regiment suffered severely at Munfordville. The Mississippi and Florida troops were afterwards engaged near one another at Perryville, and later in other great battles of the Western armies, and his face and form were familiar to all the old veterans who marched and fought in the Army of Tennessee. It was soon after this Kentucky campaign that, in recognition of his distinguished services, he was promoted to the rank of brigadier-general.

When I entered the Senate, it was my good fortune to be assigned to a seat near him. There was much in the history of the past to draw us together; our views were alike on many subjects. Our closer contact increased the admiration and regard I had long cherished for him. Though he never volun-



teered any aid, I felt the influence of his experience and sound judgment and example in reaching my own conclusions and determining my own action; and an acquaintance was formed which ripened, as the years passed, into intimacy and friendship, the recollections of which will always be revived with pleasure and satisfaction as long as life lasts.

I shall not attempt in this brief and hastily prepared sketch to do more than give a mere outline of his career. When Mississippi passed her ordinance of secession, January 9, 1861, he was a resident of Coffeeville, and was serving his second term as district attorney of his judicial district. He was about 30 years of age, well connected, popular with his people, of engaging manners, and with every promise of a bright future before him. In his profession he had already established a reputation as a sound adviser and a fearless and successful advocate. The war soon followed, and WALTHALL resigned his office and entered the military service of the Confederacy in the early spring. He first served as a lieutenant in the Fifteenth Mississippi, and was soon made lieutenant-colonel. Other promotions followed his brilliant career, until he became a major-general in 1864, and those who are familiar with the inner history of the closing months of the Confederacy tell us that still higher honors were before him if the struggle had been much longer continued.

His services were especially conspicuous on many occasions in resisting the tide of defeat and holding back overwhelming numbers until a successful retreat was practicable, as at Fishing Creek or Mill Springs, Lookout Mountain, and Missionary Ridge. After the last-named engagement I was separated from my command by the fortunes of war, but I have been informed upon high authority that when General Hood fell back from Nashville, in December, 1864, General WALTHALL was selected,

at the request of General Forrest, to aid him in covering the retreat. This he successfully accomplished with a picked body of infantry, and he was the last to cross the Tennessee River.

When the banner of the Confederacy was furled and the terms of peace had been accepted, the soldiers returned to their homes, and General WALTHALL, like the other great leaders of the South, went quietly back to his State and resumed the duties and accepted the obligations of private citizenship. For twenty years he continued the practice of law, first at his old residence in Coffeerville until 1871, and later at Grenada, winning his way to the very front of his profession and gaining its highest rewards.

But it was not easy to discharge the duties of citizenship in the States which had formed the Southern Confederacy during the years immediately succeeding the war. The plan of reconstruction inaugurated by the Executive in 1865 was accepted by the people; they returned to their usual vocations, and peace and order were gradually restored; but before the new State governments were fully organized the plans of the Executive were overthrown by the legislative authority and the newly enfranchised freedman became a potent political factor under the second reconstruction. Years of strife, confusion, corruption, and misgovernment followed. They were hard years for the old inhabitants of the States which had been identified with the Southern cause. No other teacher than experience can enable one to form a correct idea of the trials and difficulties and perplexities of those days. In sections of country, as in many of the counties of Mississippi, where the white people were in a large minority, the conditions were aggravated. It was a contest for the preservation of our civilization, and in the end we regained control of our States because here and there were found such leaders as WALTHALL and George, his old

colleague, with wisdom and prudence and determination to take advantage of suitable opportunities as from time to time they were presented.

When, as the work of restoration progressed, these representative men were sent by their States and districts to this Capitol, there were many who declared that the war had been a failure, that those who had once been in arms against the Government could not be trusted to legislate for its maintenance, and that their admission to seats in the Senate and House and to other high places threatened the permanence of the Union. When WALTHALL entered the Senate more than one-fourth of its membership was made up of those who had filled important positions in the Southern Confederacy, military and civil, and one in whose mind the recollections and prejudices of the past still lingered might naturally fall into the error of supposing that this was an element of weakness in the body politic. But this personal contact of Senators and Representatives who were on different sides during the civil war has been a potent influence in bringing the sections into closer and more friendly relations, and whatever fears may have been entertained of the effects of the return of the Southern leaders to place and power in the National Government, they have long since been dissipated.

It is worthy of mention that about the time of WALTHALL'S death our differences with Spain developed into actual war; and if any bitterness or heartburnings still existed between the people of the North and the South, they were banished and forgotten in the presence of a foreign foe, and all were ready to unite together to carry the flag of our country to victory. How the heart of this patriotic man would have rejoiced had he been spared to us a few days longer to hear the message of the President nominating Lee and Wheeler among the generals

of the Army to lead soldiers of all sections of a reunited country against the armies of Spain and to see their unanimous confirmation without reference to party lines or to the old strife which was fought to a finish more than thirty years ago.

Although General WALTHALL was always ready to serve his people and his party during the years that he practiced his profession after the war, and on several occasions served as chairman of the Mississippi State delegation in the Democratic national convention, he held no public office till he became a member of the Senate March 12, 1885.

The Democratic party had gained a national victory in the campaign of 1884, and the newly elected President, in recognition of the generous support he had received from the South, desired the assistance of able and prominent men from that section to assist him in his Cabinet. He very naturally turned to Lamar, who was conspicuous among the great leaders on the Democratic side of the Senate for his learning, his eloquence, his sound judgment, his intimate knowledge of public affairs, and his widespread popularity, not in Mississippi alone, but throughout the entire South. Besides this, the conservative course he had pursued as a Senator and his courage in maintaining his convictions in the face of public opposition had won the confidence and admiration of many in other parts of the country besides his own.

When he became Secretary of the Interior, Governor Lowry did himself great credit and satisfied the wishes and desires of the people of his State by selecting WALTHALL to fill the vacant chair, and Mississippi, through her legislature, thrice ratified this action by successive elections whenever it was necessary to renew his credentials, his last election extending his term to March 4, 1901. In January, 1894, he had suffered from a serious illness. His recovery was slow and his condition unsat-

isfactory. He required change and rest from the engrossing duties of his office. His friends urged him to secure the desired release from confinement and responsibility by obtaining a prolonged leave of absence, which the Senate would readily have granted him.

There was much to make this advice acceptable, for he had won his way to the chairmanship of the Committee on Military Affairs, and a resignation meant a surrender of his committee appointments and some of the advantages which are connected with continuous service in the Senate; but he had a high conception of what was due to his people and to the country. He felt that his State was entitled to the service of two Senators and that his personal wishes and interests ought not to control his action. If the condition of his health prevented him from rendering his portion of the service due from or belonging to his State for an indefinite period, he felt that he should ask the legislature to select another to assume the duties and responsibilities of the office. As the result of this action, Mr. McLaurin, now governor of the State, was chosen to fill the vacancy and served to the end of that term. On the 4th of March of the following year, 1895, the new term commenced to which WALTHALL had already been elected prior to his resignation, and his old associates welcomed him back to the Senate, gratified that his restored health permitted him to resume his labors and duties.

Before WALTHALL had completed half of his first term the President appointed Secretary Lamar to fill a vacancy in the Supreme Court. Opposition arose to his confirmation because of his connection with the Confederate cause, and it developed so much strength that serious apprehension was felt by his friends that he might be defeated on the final vote. A warm friendship had long existed between these two distinguished



men, and WALTHALL felt that the services of Lamar were so valuable to the country that they should be continued, even if the confirmation failed. This feeling, and his entire unselfishness, led to an interesting incident which has been communicated to me by a near relative of Justice Lamar who occupies a prominent position in the State which I have the honor in part to represent. He has given it to me in the following language:

While matters were in this uncertain state, Mr. Lamar received a most striking and gratifying evidence of unselfish friendship from Senator WALTHALL. General WALTHALL had implored Mr. Lamar not to leave the Senate and accept a Cabinet position, although it was more than likely that the General would be his successor. He now thought that Mr. Lamar would be the most useful man to the State and to the South that could be sent to the Senate, believing that he had so proven while a member of that body. He feared that the opposition to Mr. Lamar's confirmation would succeed, and, so fearing, thought that the State legislature should make him a Senator again, both for his personal vindication and for the good of the State.

It was his intention to bring this about by resigning his own seat in order to create a vacancy. This intention he communicated to Mr. Muldrow, the Assistant Secretary. The fact was stated by Mr. Muldrow to Mr. Lamar while the action of the Senate was still in suspense, and Mr. Lamar replied: "Sir, before I would permit WALTHALL to do that I would go upon the streets of Washington and break rock for a living."

So generous a rivalry in renunciation for the sake of friendship is not often encountered in these days of selfish office seeking.

Senator WALTHALL enjoyed the entire confidence of the Senate. He was seldom absent from his seat either in the committee room or in this Chamber. He was diligent in looking after the interests of his people as they were affected by the legisla-

tion pending here. He did not often participate at length in the debates of the Senate, but when he spoke his words had great weight and he always had an attentive audience. But though he was not a frequent debater, few Senators were more successful with the measures they took in hand or exercised a greater influence upon the legislation before this body. His judgment was sound; he kept up with the current events of the country, and he was a safe and prudent counselor. No Senator on either side of the Chamber was more generally admired and beloved, and his death has left a void that will not be soon filled.

But the sorrow and mourning has not been confined to his family, nor to the circle of relatives and friends who were near to him, nor to the Senate, nor to the city of Washington. The great State of Mississippi laments the loss of a distinguished son, who had served her long and faithfully, in peace and in war, under the dark shadows of the period of reconstruction and in the happier days that followed her redemption. In his lifetime she trusted him and showered upon him her highest honors, and the news of his death brought forth expressions of grief and regret from all classes of her people.

It was my privilege to serve upon the committee appointed to accompany his remains to their last resting place at Holly Springs, the home of his early days. Thousands had already gathered there from near and far in the early morning when the train reached the city. The cadets from the State Agricultural College served as a guard of honor and conveyed the body to the church where he used to worship with his parents; and in the afternoon the funeral services were there conducted in the presence of a vast gathering of mourners.

The loving wife was there who had accompanied him in many of his marches and campaigns during the war, nursed him when wounded, cared for him when sick, and added to his

happiness during the years of their wedded life. Relatives and friends and old neighbors, political associates, and public officials had all gathered together to pay the last tribute of respect to his memory. Floral decorations in beauty and profusion had been sent from all parts of the State and were heaped around the casket and the altar. As the services closed at the church an organized body of battle-scarred veterans who had served under him during the late war came forward and, each taking one of these floral tributes, carried them in their procession to the cemetery, where they were appropriately arranged in the family lot, and there, amid the fragrant flowers of spring, surrounded by a vast concourse of the people among whom he had lived, we laid him to rest in the bosom of the State he loved so well. There may he repose in peace till the morning of the resurrection.

## ADDRESS OF MR. BACON.

Mr. President, it had not been my expectation to say anything upon this occasion, and I do so now only because of certain things which have fallen from the Senator from Arkansas [Mr. Berry], the Senator from Maryland [Mr. Gorman], and the Senator from Florida [Mr. Pasco], which recall to my mind an incident I had not thought of in some years. Those Senators have alluded to the cordial and close relations which existed between Senator WALTHALL and former Senator Lamar. The Senator from Arkansas has spoken of Senator Lamar as the friend whom WALTHALL loved best. I happen to know from a very close and intimate acquaintance with Senator Lamar that he regarded WALTHALL as his best-loved friend.

The relationship between these two distinguished men was a very remarkable one. It was the relationship of Jonathan and David, and, as the incident related by the Senator from Florida illustrates, in the case of either, as in the case of Jonathan and David, if a crown were coming to one, that one would with his own hands take it off and place it on the brow of his friend.

It so happens that I have personal knowledge of the incident related by the Senator from Florida. I was passing through Washington at the time when Senator Lamar's nomination as justice of the Supreme Court was pending in the Senate. I visited him at his lodgings. It was at night, and I found him in bed suffering from a slight indisposition, and the conversation between us was while he was in his room. He narrated to me the difficulties which were being encountered in securing his confirmation as a justice of the Supreme Court. It was the evening before action by the Senate was anticipated. He

stated to me the facts which have been narrated by the Senator from Florida, that Senator WALTHALL had insisted that in case of his rejection he would resign his seat in the Senate in order that he, Lamar, could either be appointed by the governor or be elected by the legislature, I have forgotten which, and take his seat in his stead. The purpose was that if he should be rejected by the Senate he should immediately resume the place he had formerly occupied here as one of its members.

Senator Lamar stated to me then his intention—which I did not know was known by others until narrated by the Senator from Florida—that he would not permit Senator WALTHALL to make the sacrifice. Said he, “If he resigns, I intend to see that his resignation is not accepted, because I intend that WALTHALL shall know that I am capable of making as great a sacrifice for him as he is to make one for me.”

Mr. President, I doubt if in all political history a parallel can be found to this incident. A seat in this body is regarded as the highest of political prizes, possibly save one, and men spend their lives in the effort to attain it, and here we have the fact of these two great men each ready and anxious to surrender it for the benefit of the other. They were great men, Mr. President, *par nobile fratrum*; and, if in the great beyond there is recognition between those who love each other here—and who can doubt it who believe in immortality—we know what sweet communion and converse there is between these two men, who so loved each other here.

Mr. President, as I have sat here to-day and listened to these most beautiful tributes, not only beautiful, but earnest, sincere, affecting, one thought has come into my mind. Some misanthrope propounded the question, Is life worth living? And as I have listened to-day I have thought that no better answer could be made to that question than to point to the life of this



man. Surely life is worth living when, at its conclusion, in this great arena words such as have been spoken here to-day can be spoken of him with earnestness, with sincerity, and with feeling, and more particularly when everyone who listened to those words will gladly say they were the truth.

ADDRESS OF MR. PETTUS.

Mr. President, a custom, in all ages and in all countries, even partially civilized, has been to preserve a remembrance of the virtues of noble men who by deeds of conspicuous courage, marked fidelity, wisdom in counsel, and a generous consideration for the rights of others have served their country and mankind. And this custom among men, so universal, is to continue, because human nature is so constituted that involuntarily it renders homage to these manly virtues.

So, Senators, we are here to-day to testify to and declare our admiration of all these noble and distinguishing characteristics as exemplified in the life and conduct of EDWARD CARY WALTHALL.

A native of Virginia, yet reared and educated and honored in the State of Mississippi, he combined in one person all of the best and ennobling virtues of the people of both States. He inherited the highest appreciation of family and personal honor, and he lived among a generous people whose manly courage is so common that it is not noticed unless it is combined with some marked mental superiority.

Thus bred and thus surrounded in his manhood's years, his temper was mellowed and his character was refined by his associations in the Church of England. He was no Pharisee. He never claimed to be better than other men. He was simply a true man, trusting in God and trying to keep His Commandments. His personal life was pure and his conduct, as a private citizen and in official place, was free from any suspicion of a stain. He was too proud to think of doing a mean thing, and he was too brave to consider how any duty or responsibility might be avoided.

Since the death of "her most eminent statesman," General WALTHALL was perhaps more beloved by the people of the State of Mississippi than any of her great men, and he was as highly esteemed and honored as any one of them.

General WALTHALL first obtained distinction among men as a soldier, and from Fishing Creek to Bentonville his name is associated, and most honorably, with many of the important events of the civil war. Statesmen who love their country rejoice that the United States are again a united people, and that we can now look back to and comment upon the great events and even the details of that war as matters of history and give a just measure of praise to the grand and glorious deeds of daring on either side and admire and honor that grander and more glorious heroism of our people as soldiers which enables them to stand firm under the most severe punishments and privations, even unto death.

Like the British garrison at Lucknow, fighting and enduring without food, hoping to hear the bagpipes of Highlanders, or like Captain Herndon, of the United States Navy, temporarily commanding a passenger steamer between Aspinwall and New York, there he stands at his place on his sinking ship, after saving all of the women and children and his officers and crew and many of the male passengers—all the boats of the ship could carry—and he gracefully lifts his cap to the loaded boats and goes down with his ship to the bottom of the sea.

This heroism of endurance is a Saxon virtue, and Americans in the civil war proved themselves Saxons and that this virtue had not lessened as it came down to them through their ancestors.

My personal association with General WALTHALL began in the civil war, and I was with him in many battles; and being his comrade, I was honored by his friendship.

A few facts concerning the conduct of General WALTHALL

as a soldier may better show his character than general words of commendation.

On the morning of the battle of Lookout Mountain, General WALTHALL'S brigade was on picket around the base of the mountain opposite Moccasin Point, and that picket line was about a mile long. A fog concealed the movements of the Federal army. And thus a corps of that army made a sudden attack on that picket line and drove it back up the mountain side toward the Craven House, near which was the Confederate line of battle. But General WALTHALL and his gallant men retired slowly, fighting as skirmishers an overwhelming force, and contesting every foot of the ground.

So determined and stubborn was the fight made by that small brigade that whilst it lasted I had time to march with my command from the old hotel on the mountain top down the old road and around the path on the bench to the Confederate line of battle near the Craven House, a distance of more than a mile. There I found General WALTHALL, still fighting with his skirmishers in regular order. And there that battle ended. And this is called "the great battle above the clouds." The fighting in that battle on the Confederate side was almost entirely by WALTHALL'S brigade, and it was so desperate, though in retreat, that it gave much fame to the commander of the corps that made the attack.

On the next day came the great disaster to the army of General Bragg on Missionary Ridge. The Federal army was marshaled on that day by the great general of the Union whose fame is known to mankind, whose son and grandson are now marching to the front in places of trust, honored by the American people. The military renown of Grant, of Lee, is now a common heritage of all patriotic citizens of the United States.

How full of hope it is to all true Americans to see the Lees and the Grants marching together, side by side, to do battle for our country.

But we will return to Missionary Ridge. The Federal army assaulted the Confederate lines at every point. There was much desperate fighting, especially on the Confederate right. Finally the left of the Confederate line was turned at McFarlands Gap, and the Confederate center was broken.

General WALTHALL'S brigade was then near, and to the right of that break. With the cool courage which no danger could disturb General WALTHALL instantly changed his front so as to face the Federal forces advancing on the left flank of the right wing of General Bragg's army. And that advance was then stopped. So the Confederate right wing was saved intact; and it retired slowly and in perfect order during the night across Chickamauga Creek.

And afterwards whilst commanding in the rear guard of General Hood's army on the second day of the retreat from Nashville, near Pulaski, General WALTHALL gave a terrible emphasis to the common learning of a soldier, that it is rabid folly to rush recklessly after even a defeated and retreating army, after it has had one night's sleep.

General WALTHALL never had a separate command. He was made a major-general during the siege of Atlanta. But wherever his command was placed, his coolness and courage and power of commanding were always manifest. His comrades loved and trusted him, and that trust was always proved to be well founded.

Prior to General Hood's Nashville campaign General WALTHALL was a perfect specimen of physical manhood—a combination of strength and symmetry—tall, graceful, and in perfect health. But that month of exposure, without shelter,



on frozen ground, covered with snow, was enough to wreck the strongest constitution. He never recovered from the effects of that most disastrous winter campaign.

General WALTHALL won and held a high place as a lawyer at the bar in his State, and at a time when Wiley P. Harris and General George and other great lawyers were in full practice in the same courts. But I was not his associate in that branch of his work.

Here in this Chamber, as a Senator from the State of Mississippi, General WALTHALL became known to the people of the United States as a statesman, as a patriot, and as a Democrat who followed his convictions with a steadfastness of purpose rarely equaled. His long and faithful service here was interrupted only by his failing strength. The people of his State never faltered in their devotion to him nor in their earnest purpose to honor him. My time of service with our friend here was short, and others have described his long years of faithful labor as a Senator.

General WALTHALL had a great and distinguishing trait of character, which all of his associates must have observed. That was his unselfish and constant consideration for the rights of other men. You all remember the message which he sent in his last days by the Senator from Arkansas to the Senator from Wisconsin, with whom he was paired. That was merely an act proceeding from a principle—never to forget the rights of other men. Such a principle well followed, as our friend maintained it, might give to mortal man the power to look up and sincerely say: "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us."

Mr. President, the committee appointed by the two Houses of Congress escorted the body of our friend to Holly Springs, which was the home of his youth and early manhood, where

his father and his mother and others dear to him were buried. That burial scene can never pass from the memory of any one of us who was present. The people of Mississippi came there to show how much they honored and loved this pure man, who had served them so long and so faithfully. Men of prominence from every part of the State were there; and rugged veterans of a four years' war were there, shedding tears over the remains of their leader. And lovely women and children, in large numbers, brought flowers, moistened by the evidence of their great sorrow.

The young soldiers of the State were there to do honor to the dead hero. Thus his remains were followed to the old church, where a memorial window commemorated the virtues of the father and mother of our friend; and the Bishop of Mississippi, a leader of men, read the burial service and taught lessons of wisdom from the pure character of the dead man.

Senators, such a burial is well worth a long life of labor, privations, and perils. And such a burial will never glorify any grave unless it be the grave of a good and great man.

Mr. President, I ask for the adoption of the resolutions presented to the Senate by the Senator from Mississippi [Mr. Money].

The VICE-PRESIDENT. The question is on agreeing to the resolutions.

The resolutions were unanimously agreed to; and at 5 o'clock p. m. the Senate adjourned until tomorrow, Friday, May 27, 1898, at 11 o'clock a. m.

## PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOUSE.

APRIL 22, 1898.

A message from the Senate, by Mr. Platt, one of its clerks, announced that the Senate had passed the following resolutions:

*Resolved*, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. EDWARD C. WALTHALL.

*Resolved*, That a committee of nine senators be appointed by the Vice-President to take order for superintending the funeral of deceased, which will take place in the Senate Chamber to-morrow, Saturday, at 12 o'clock m., and that the Senate will attend the same.

*Resolved*, That as a further mark of respect entertained by the Senate for his memory, his remains be removed from Washington to Holly Springs, Miss., in charge of the Sergeant-at-Arms and attended by the committee, who shall have full power to carry this resolution into effect.

*Resolved*, That the Secretary communicate these proceedings to the House of Representatives, and invite the House of Representatives to attend the funeral to-morrow, Saturday, at the hour named, and to appoint a committee to act with the committee of the Senate.

*Resolved*, That as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased the Senate do now adjourn.

The message further announced that, in compliance with the foregoing resolution, the Vice-President had appointed as said committee Mr. Money, Mr. Berry, Mr. Bate, Mr. Pettus, Mr. Spooner, Mr. Gray, Mr. Proctor, Mr. Pasco, and Mr. Cannon.

Mr. ALLEN. Mr. Speaker, Senator WALTHALL was one of the most distinguished and loved and lovable men that our State ever produced. As a mark of respect to him, I now move that the House attend his funeral from here to-morrow in a body, and that a committee of nine be appointed to attend his funeral in Mississippi; and as a further mark of respect, I move that the House do now adjourn.

The SPEAKER. The question is on agreeing to the motion that the House attend the funeral in a body, and that a committee of nine be appointed to attend the funeral in Mississippi.

The motion was agreed to.

The Speaker appointed as the committee Mr. Allen, Mr. Fox, Mr. Henry, of Mississippi, Mr. Love, Mr. Sullivan, Mr. Williams, of Mississippi, Mr. Bartlett, Mr. Spalding, and Mr. Johnson, of Indiana.

The motion of Mr. Allen was then agreed to; and accordingly the House, in accordance with its previous order, at 5 o'clock and 32 minutes p. m. adjourned until 10 o'clock to-morrow.

## EULOGIES ON THE LATE SENATOR WALTHALL AND THE LATE REPRESENTATIVE LOVE.

FEBRUARY 25, 1899.

Mr. ALLEN. Mr. Speaker, I present the following resolution under the special order of the House.

The SPEAKER. The Clerk will report the resolution to the House.

The Clerk read as follows:

Whereas the House of Representatives has heard with profound sorrow of the death of the Hon. E. C. WALTHALL, late a Senator of the United States from the State of Mississippi, and also of the death of Hon. W. F. LOVE, late a member of this House from the State of Mississippi: Therefore, be it

*Resolved*, That the business of the House be now suspended that opportunity may be given for tributes to the memory of the late Senator E. C. WALTHALL and of the late Representative W. F. LOVE, and as a particular mark of respect to the memory of the late Senator WALTHALL and the late Representative LOVE, and in recognition of their eminent abilities and distinguished public services, the House, at the conclusion of these memorial proceedings, shall stand adjourned.

That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to the family of the late Senator WALTHALL and the family of the late Representative LOVE; and

That the Clerk be ordered to communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

The resolutions were unanimously agreed to.



## ADDRESS OF MR. ALLEN.

Mr. Speaker, I desire to submit some remarks now on the life and character and distinguished public services of the late Senator WALTHALL. It may appear that this mark of respect to his memory is somewhat belated. It has been postponed to this time in order to accommodate some of our colleagues who were anxious to be present and participate in these ceremonies and have been unable to be present at an earlier day. No man who has participated in the legislative councils of this nation and has passed away has, in my judgment, a better claim to any respect that could be shown him by his legislative colleagues than the late Senator WALTHALL.

It has been said, Mr. Speaker, that misfortunes never come singly. Bereavements come very much like misfortunes. I served as a member of this House for six terms without ever having been called upon to perform the sad duty of burying or paying tribute to the memory of one of my colleagues from Mississippi. In this my seventh term we have been called upon to bury two great United States Senators and one member of this House from our State.

EDWARD CARY WALTHALL was born in Richmond, Va., on the 4th day of April, 1831. At about the age of 10 years he removed with his father's family to the beautiful little city of Holly Springs, Marshall County, Miss., and there grew up to manhood. He received an academic education at St. Thomas Hall, an Episcopal institution of learning located in Holly Springs. Connected with this school was the polemic society known as the St. Thomas Hall Debaters, of which he was a conspicuous member, and it was there he laid the foundation of his beautiful and well-rounded life.

Among his schoolmates and associates there were many young men who afterwards became distinguished leaders in the law, legislative, judicial, and military service of the Commonwealth. Among them Gen. C. H. Mott, who fell leading his command at the battle of Williamsburg, Va., one of the very best, bravest, and most promising officers of the Confederate army; Gen. James R. Chalmers, a brigadier-general in the Confederate army, and for many years a distinguished member of this House; Judge H. H. Chalmers, an eminent jurist who was for a long time and at the time of his death chief justice of the supreme court of the State of Mississippi; Col. James L. Autry, Maj. W. M. Strickland, Col. Nat. Taylor, and many others who rendered distinguished services in the Confederate army and stood high as professional men and citizens after the close of the war.

With such friends and companions he grew up to manhood, and to the day of his death had a warm place in his heart for and often spoke of these friends of his boyhood. He was a very popular young man, not only among his immediate associates, but was much loved and respected by the entire community in which he lived. After completing his literary studies at St. Thomas Hall he studied law in the office of his brother-in-law, Mr. George R. Freeman, at Pontotoc, Miss. At the age of 21 he was licensed and commenced the practice of his profession at Coffeeville, Miss.

He was elected district attorney of the tenth judicial district of Mississippi in 1856 and reelected in 1859. At the beginning of hostilities in the war between the States he resigned the office of district attorney, enlisted in the Confederate army, was elected lieutenant of his company, which became a part of the Fifteenth Mississippi Regiment, which was one of the best regiments contributed by Mississippi to the Confederate army, was

soon afterwards elected lieutenant-colonel of the regiment, in the spring of 1862 was elected colonel of the Twenty-ninth Mississippi Regiment, and in the same year promoted to brigadier-general, and in June, 1864, was again promoted to major-general.

After the close of the war he returned to Coffeetown and resumed the practice of his chosen profession. In 1871 he moved to Grenada, Miss., which place was his home to the time of his death, and where he continued to practice law until 1885, when he was appointed to the United States Senate by Governor Robert Lowry, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of his lifelong and closest friend, Hon. L. Q. C. Lamar, who had resigned to accept the position of Secretary of the Interior under President Cleveland.

In January, 1886, he was elected by the legislature to fill out the remainder of the unexpired term; was reelected in January, 1888, to a full term expiring on the 4th of March, 1895. In January, 1892, was reelected to a term that would have expired on the 4th of March, 1901. On account of ill health, in January, 1894, he resigned the unexpired portion of the term ending March 4, 1895.

He expected at that time to resign the full succeeding term when he could do so, but his health improved, and at the earnest solicitation of his friends and constituents reconsidered his determination to resign, and came back to the Senate and served until the 21st day of April, 1898, on which day he died at his hotel in this city. He was a delegate at large from Mississippi to every national Democratic convention held after the close of the war, and was at each convention either the chairman of the delegation from his State or a vice-president of the convention.

This, Mr. Speaker, is an epitomized statement of the youth

and public services of Senator WALTHALL, and yet one might read this sketch and know very little of the real distinguishing, admirable traits and superior qualities of this great man as they were known to those of us who had the good fortune to know him well and enjoy his friendship.

I think I can truly say that from the time he was first elected district attorney every position, honor, and distinction he received from the people of his beloved State came to him without his seeking or asking it. I saw him frequently during the war, but was never under his command. I remember well now the impression he made upon me then.

He was one of the handsomest and most graceful soldiers in the army, noted for his soldierly bearing, his cool and intrepid courage, his skill as a commander, his respectful and courteous demeanor to those who served under him, as well as those who commanded him, and devoted to the welfare of his men, and idolized by them. While he was a splendid disciplinarian, no man who served under him feared he would not get justice at his hands.

He performed promptly and well all the duties devolving on him, and his soldiers knew he expected the same of them, and their love and admiration for him made it seldom necessary to resort to any harshness to secure their obedience to orders. In my judgment, that war that produced so many great soldiers and commanders produced no more magnificent specimen of the ideal volunteer soldier than was found in Gen. E. C. WALTHALL.

He was brave, discreet, judgmatical, and tactful, enjoying the unbounded confidence of those who commanded him and those under his command. I have heard that when Hood's army was beaten by Thomas at Nashville, when General Hood asked General WALTHALL to take command of the infantry of

the rear guard of his army and assist General Forrest in protecting his retreat back across the Tennessee River, after pointing out to him the dangerous mission with which he was intrusting him, asked if he was willing to pick his command and perform this service, he is said to have replied: "As a soldier I have never sought a post of danger nor shirked one of duty."

I am not sure that I give the exact words, but they convey the idea, and I know they illustrate the true character of the great soldier to whom they are attributed. He was not courting for himself or his men death or danger, but there was no place demanded by duty where he would not have sacrificed the lives of both.

I was a private soldier in that retreating army, a witness of and sharer in its hardships and privations, but was not under the command of General WALTHALL, but there are others here who will pay tribute to him to-day, among them my colleague, Captain Spight, who served under him through the war, and my friend General Spalding, who fought on the other side and was in his front all the way from Nashville back to the Tennessee River.

I will leave it for them to tell how well he performed the desperate duty to which General Hood assigned him. Suffice it to say, Hood's retreat was covered, and what was left of that splendid army after the battles of Franklin and Nashville recrossed the Tennessee River, and WALTHALL's command was the last to cross. The fact that he fought his way from the position of lieutenant to that of major-general and never received promotion that he did not merit is a splendid tribute to his soldierly qualities.

Mr. Speaker, I listened to the tributes paid Senator WALTHALL by his colleagues in the Senate. They were all beautiful



and impressive, and, I am sure, sincere and heartfelt. I have never seen more evidence of real sorrow exhibited on such an occasion. I was impressed with some things that were said there about this Confederate major-general as a United States Senator. I heard a distinguished Senator, who was a gallant Federal general during the war, and a member of the Military Committee of the Senate, say this of Senator WALTHALL:

He said he had served on the Military Committee with him for twelve years; that on that committee there were many questions affecting the rights of people growing out of service in the Union Army during the war, and that he could say on that committee, after those twelve years of service, that—

In his treatment of all such matters, no stranger, coming as a casual observer, could have discovered on which side of the great war he had ranged himself.

That is a good deal to say of a man by one who was on the other side from him both in politics and in the war, that in his official capacity here, in the treatment of the questions growing out of that struggle, in twelve years' service nobody could ever have detected on which side of that question he fought, so far as his action as a member of that committee was concerned.

I heard another distinguished Republican Senator say of him:

He was the first man to teach me that a Confederate soldier who had won, by his chivalrous daring, his way from the rank of lieutenant to that of major-general, and who had led in a hundred battles under a flag which I hated and against one which I loved, could be as loyal and faithful to a reunited Republic and to its flag as if there had never been a division among us.

That Senator did not know what sort of stuff Confederate soldiers were made of. While Senator WALTHALL was the first to teach it to him, it was a fact well known to all who had

observed the course of the Confederates after they laid down their arms. If there are any doubting Thomases still, I point to the record of those Confederates who have participated in the late war. Gen. Joe Wheeler showed them how a man who fought against the flag as a Confederate could not only fight for it, but fight for it as bravely and effectively as any soldier ever fought.

I do not know, Mr. Speaker, that I could better exemplify Senator WALTHALL'S estimation of the Confederate soldier, of whom he was of the highest type, than by reading a description he himself gave of his comrades, as he knew them, in a speech made by him at the opening of Chickamauga Park, where he was called upon to preside over a meeting and introduced by General Fullerton, a Federal general, who, in introducing him, said:

The gentleman who will preside at this meeting to-night needs no introduction. You all know him; you all love him. He is known alike to the soldiers of both armies. I have merely to mention his name—Gen. E. C. WALTHALL, of Mississippi.

I now read you a portion of the address delivered by General WALTHALL on that occasion:

LADIES AND FELLOW-SOLDIERS: To be chosen to preside over an assembly like this is a proud distinction, for which I am profoundly grateful to those by whom it was bestowed. My selection for such a duty involves the flattering implication that I am deemed worthy to represent the soldier of the South and all he stands for in history, and it is for this I prize the honor most. If, indeed, I be his fit and proper type, then, for the moment, the privilege is mine to symbolize courage, constancy, and devotion in war, self-respecting dignity in defeat, and in peace the same fidelity to this Government the Southern soldier bore to that for whose permanent establishment he fought four years in vain.

The story of the fiery struggle tells what he did and how he suffered for his duty, as he saw it, while the strife was raging; and the sequel shows that when the conflict ceased the name and fame he won in battle were never tarnished by any breach of a paroled soldier's pledge of peace.

For the teachings of the sages of his section, which had the sanction of his own approval, he faced his Northern brother on a hundred fields of blood. He raised his hand against him because he had been taught it was his duty to battle for the rights and institutions of his State. A sentiment he had inherited, ingrained in his nature, sustained him through the fierce, long struggle in which he was destined to be beaten.

After the lapse of thirty years since his banners went down, for him and in his name, it is my pride and pleasure to greet his former foemen, whom he joins in doing honor to our reunited country's flag. At this the first formal meeting between you and him, had under the auspices of your Government and his, he salutes you as the victors, and best bears witness to your prowess by pointing to the record of his own. There could be no occasion so appropriate for him without humility or assumption, hypocrisy, or pretension, but in a spirit of fraternity and equality, in token of his sincerity, to reach out his open hand to you.

In him there is no trace remaining of the bitterness and failure of defeat; and if there were, the proofs, in which this national park abounds, that his name and deeds have been fairly dealt with would be enough to dispel it all forever. He will vie with you in supporting and defending the Government which, in perpetuating the achievements of American arms, has done justice with an even hand to the armies of the North and South alike.

After the dawn of peace he wrestled with a harder fate than yours. Desolation, destruction, and waste of war, the rule of the bayonet, radical changes in the laws of citizenship, chiefly affecting the Southern States, and the great problem of the races, on whose solution so much for him depended, were some of the stern realities which confronted him at home to try his pride and manhood and to test his spirit of independence and

his powers of self-restraint. To such burdens as were his to bear you happily were strangers, and in congratulating you on this exemption he would have you know he bore them as became a foeman who had stood four years before your guns.

Upon the bounty of the Government he had forfeited his claims, and against the consequences of his own action he uttered no complaint. There were no pensions for his disabled comrades or the dependent families of those who freely gave their lives for the cause they had espoused. The Government could provide no soldiers' home for such as he—no beautiful national cemetery, tastefully arranged and scrupulously cared for, where a grateful nation guards the graves of those who fell in its defense. He begrudges you no benefit which the Government has bestowed on you and yours. You, as its defenders, earned its gratitude and favor, while he who fought against you incurred the penalties of failure, which he becomingly accepted.

Promptly he betook himself, without repining, to the earnest work of rehabilitation and restoration. He has built up the waste places in his section, has been the friend of order, and has upheld the law. In matters religious, social, political, and material he has been a busy factor and a power for good. He has been the champion of progress and improvement, and has worn worthily all the highest honors his people had the power to confer. He feels that his record as a citizen in peace is a fit complement to that he made as a soldier in war, and he is content.

True as yourselves to the Union now, he yet dearly loves the sunny land he lives in, tenderly cherishes the memories and traditions of the South, and is proud of her history and the achievements of her noble men and women. His tattered banner and his sword have been laid away forever, but his army record will always be his pride, and Lee his ideal of a soldier and a man. Such he is, and such he must ever be, and as such he would meet you and cordially would greet you as his friends and fellow-countrymen, with whom he has a common interest in the greatness and glory of our common country.

Mr. Speaker, this statement, couched in such beautiful lan-

guage, more truly describes the heroism, patriotism, conduct, and aspirations of the great body of Confederate soldiers after the war than anything I have seen, and I want it to go in the Record along with the tributes paid his memory this day. I think of all the positions of honor and trust he ever held, he took most pride in his record as a Confederate soldier.

I first met General WALTHALL personally at the home of the late Justice Lamar, at Oxford, Miss., when I was a law student in the University of Mississippi under the tutelage of Mr. Lamar. I met him there frequently during my school days, and after I began the practice we often met there during the term of the Federal court.

He was a man of great personal magnetism and soon made me one of his warm friends and great admirers. At that time he was at the zenith of his successful career as a lawyer; he was one of the leading lawyers at the bar in our State, where, in my judgment, there then resided some as good lawyers as this country ever produced. I am sure I have never seen anywhere the superiors of some of the lawyers we had in Mississippi at that time.

He was the general attorney of the Mississippi Central Railroad, now a part of the great Illinois Central system, and had as many cases of his own selection as he would take outside of his railroad practice. He was a wonderfully successful practitioner; he was not only a thoroughly posted and well-equipped lawyer, but in the law, as in everything else, he exhibited that excellent judgment and good common sense, coupled with a thorough knowledge of human nature and the motives that actuate men.

He did what very few lawyers in our State have done. While in the vigor of his manhood he accumulated a very good fortune, as fortunes go in Mississippi. It was a competency



for himself and those dependent on him, and for his own purposes, I think, it was all he desired.

He was one of the best poised men in the conduct of his business, as well as about other things, I have ever known. His only business was the law until he came to the Senate. He made his money as a lawyer, and he invested it where there was the least possibility of his losing it or its giving trouble to him or those who were to come after him.

He was a very liberal man, but I never saw him squander a dollar in my life, and I never saw him fail to expend one where it was the proper thing to do. In his purchases he always bought the best, not because he was extravagant, but he wanted the best and thought it was economy to have it.

He gave bountifully of his income. His charities were altogether unostentatious, and no one will ever know the extent of them. I never knew a call made on him for any proper object that did not meet with a generous response. He always seemed to consider that worthy but unfortunate Confederate soldiers had special claims on him, and they never appealed to him for help, financial or otherwise, without meeting a hearty response.

He was not given to talking of his deeds of charity or friendship, but a very intimate acquaintance and association with him for the last twelve years gave me an opportunity to know much on this subject. After the retreat of Hood's army from Nashville he was never a strong man physically, and for many years had been a very delicate man; so much so he had to exercise great care and self-denial to protect his health.

I have never known a man of more perfect control over himself and all his habits. He ate and drank and did what he knew would best agree with him except when the doing of something became a matter of duty, then he was not as careful as he should have been. It is generally believed by those in the

best position to know that his death was hastened by his leaving his sick bed to go to the Senate to perform a duty he felt he owed to the memory of his late colleague, Senator George.

He and I came to Washington and began our Congressional lives together. During the twelve years he was here our associations were always intimate and cordial. I enjoyed not only his friendship, but, I believe, as much of his confidence as he ever gave anyone. I know he had mine in an unbounded degree.

The better you knew him the more you liked to confide in him. I never knew a man who seemed to have more unerring judgment or was a better advisor about all of the concerns of life; his advice was always honest; he had the keenest perception of right and the most delicate sense of honor.

It is easy to understand how much I have missed him since his death. As to how well he fulfilled his mission as a Senator, I refer to the testimony given by his associates in that body and to his high and influential positions on committees of the Senate, the universal respect entertained for him by every member of the Senate, and the admiration and love felt for him by most of that body, and to the further fact that his constituents believed in him to the extent of asking and insisting on having his services rather than his having to ask for their suffrages.

He had none of the tricks of the demagogue or the scheming, pettifogging politician; he hated shams and false pretenses of every kind and especially those by which some men seek to obtain public office.

I do not know that I can better illustrate from the standpoint at which I look at things to-day his wise and conservative statesmanship than by reference to one of the last conversations I had with him before the delirium of the disease with which he died dethroned his reason.

We were just about declaring war against Spain; he was

violently opposed to the war, and insisted that this Government should look out for the interest of its own citizens and settle such disputes as it might have with Spain by diplomatic negotiations, if possible. I shall never forget how earnest he was in his opposition to the war, and with what forebodings he looked on its inauguration.

Mr. Speaker, my judgment is that if more of our statesmen could have looked with his accurate foresight into the future, we might have been spared not only many valuable lives and much of treasure, but many conditions that threaten us with untold complications and difficulties in the future.

I wish to say a word about his beautiful and happy home life.

All who visited his home were bound to be impressed not only with his gracious and generous hospitality, but with the happiness of all his surroundings. I have never known a couple more devoted and better satisfied with each other than he and his noble wife.

Mrs. Walthall was Miss Mary Leckey Jones, from Mecklenburg County, Va. She was one of the great belles of Virginia before her marriage, and was as attractive and lovable in all the traits that go to make a charming and admirable woman and good wife as she was beautiful in her face and character.

She idolized her husband; would endure any sort of inconvenience and hardship to be near him, and was so much wrapt up in him that when his life went out the light of her life departed and she only survived him a few months. She was as much my friend as her husband, and I will never cease to miss her kind and motherly sympathy. He was a loving and indulgent father, and, though his only daughter was one of adoption, he always resented any insinuation that one must love his or her own offspring better than one who came into their household and lives by adoption.

Mr. Speaker, I think he was the highest type of a gentleman I ever knew; and I doubt if anyone else ever knew a man who better filled the full measure of all that is implied in the term "gentleman." The knightly, chivalrous, high-toned, honorable EDWARD C. WALTHALL is gone from among us. We took his remains to Holly Springs, there to rest in the soil over which his childish footsteps strayed. We buried him in the spring-time, when the flowers seemed to be all in bloom; and I do not remember ever to have seen so many and such beautiful floral offerings coming as tokens of love and appreciation from those who loved and honored him.

The people were gathered there from all parts of the State, and all the people from Holly Springs, without regard to race or condition, turned out to do honor to his memory; but the most pathetic scene of all to me was the column of old gray-haired Confederate veterans, some with empty sleeves, some on crutches, who marched in that procession to the cemetery and stood around his grave with uncovered heads, giving unmistakable evidences of their grief for their old commander and their much-loved and honored comrade.

Mr. Speaker, this is my poor tribute to my dead friend. I know I have spoken without the preparation the occasion deserved, but I have spoken from my heart.

## ADDRESS OF MR. SPALDING.

Mr. Speaker, my first knowledge of Senator WALTHALL was in the midst of booming cannon, shrieking shell, and the wicked whiz and whirl of rifle balls. The acquaintance thus begun did not ripen into a real and intimate friendship at that time, but served to win my respect for the ability, skill, and courage of that undaunted general commanding the advance guard of Hood's army, which was forcing a crossing over the Tennessee River at a point not far from Florence, Ala.

That officer in command was General WALTHALL. The troops on the Federal side were the fourth division of cavalry of the Army of the Cumberland, commanded by myself.

General Sherman had swung his army free from his base of supply at Atlanta, Ga., and had started on his memorable march to the sea.

The authorities of Richmond had replaced General Johnston by the appointment of General Hood for the purpose of invading Tennessee, Kentucky, and Ohio, hoping thereby to compel Sherman to change his plans and follow Hood. Sherman, with his army, continued moving southward. Hood took the opposite direction and from Florence, Ala., penetrated as far north as Nashville, Tenn.

Both armies in that Nashville campaign were composed of veterans skillfully officered, and the rank and file of either army were as brave as the "Old Guard" of Napoleon that went down to their death at Waterloo.

The battles and marches between Florence, Ala., and Nashville were many and very severe, in all of which General WALTHALL was a power. He had risen from the rank of lieutenant



of a company to that of a major-general, beloved by his men, whom he cared for with the devotion and affection of a father.

The battle of Nashville, fought on the 15th and 16th days of December, 1864, compelled General Hood and his brave and decimated army to retreat over the route which it had advanced upon a few months before.

Ill fed, badly clothed, broken, and disheartened, but with rare courage, the remnant of that army crossed the Tennessee about the same place over which it had passed some few weeks before. Prior to this campaign General WALTHALL was a perfect specimen of physical manhood, tall, graceful, and in perfect health; but the exposure of that campaign on frozen ground covered with snow was enough to wreck the strongest constitution. He never recovered from the effects of that most disastrous winter campaign.

It is said of him that after peace was declared he, with others in Mississippi, devoted their time and ability to binding up the wounds of his suffering people. As an advocate of peace, whose mission was to soothe and ameliorate the condition of his people, General WALTHALL was ever foremost; much has been accomplished by him to bring about a better understanding between the North and South and reunite in everlasting peace our beloved country.

General WALTHALL's long and faithful service in the Senate of the United States, his rare qualities of mind and heart, made him one of the leading statesmen on the Democratic side. I know of no more fitting tribute to his character than a few lines that were written of General Jackson by a cadet at the Military Institute in 1855:

There was something in his very mode of life so accurate, steady, void of care or strife, that fills my heart with love for him who bears his honors meekly and who wears the laurels of a hero.

## ADDRESS OF MR. WILLIAMS OF MISSISSIPPI.

Mr. Speaker, I wish to insert in the forefront of my remarks a letter from a Confederate soldier who served under General WALTHALL. It will express better than anything from my lips can the love and devotion of the soldiers who followed him :

L. M. GARRETT, *Carthage, Miss.* :

The death of a near and dear relative would not have pained me more than I was pained by the announcement of the death of General WALTHALL. George at once wired me the sad news, and I am free to confess that I was compelled to "play the woman with my eyes." I should be glad to pay a tribute to the memory of the lamented hero. I should like to wield the pen of a Phillips and portray his character, and tell, as it ought to be told, the story of the shining virtues which clustered around WALTHALL, whose spotless character afforded an appropriate setting for such flawless jewels.

I would, in my clumsy way, sketch him as I saw him at Chickamauga on a Saturday morning, astride his little gray steed, and surveying the captured Yankee cannon, from whose black mouths the smoke of battle still issued in sullen wreaths. I would picture him as he appeared on the retreat from Nashville, when at the head of his ragged and hungry followers he threw himself like a wounded lion between the victorious and exultant Federals and their contemplated prey; when his cannon sternly told the advancing foe that further pursuit of the fleeing army would be hazardous, while the same stern sound conveyed to the shattered Southern legions the glad assurance that WALTHALL covered the retreat, and like Ney at the termination of the Moscow campaign, he would be the last to cross the bridge which led the way to comparative safety. I should be glad to write of him as the peerless Southern gentleman, the true Mississippian, the profound statesman that he was. But,

alas, my powers are too limited for such a task, and I seek the aid of a mightier pen. And this is the purpose of this letter, for I want you, Maury Garrett, to tell of the life, character, and services of our WALTHALL.

GEO. R. EDWARDS.

Mr. Speaker, I know of but one instance in all history where a numerous and free people have emerged from a gigantic struggle, revolutionary in the enormity of the defeat of its cause and the destruction of the political, social, and industrial institutions which depended upon that cause, and have yet made for themselves no scapegoat, have rended no leader in person or in reputation, have proudly borne their own blame, if blame there were, conscious that no man or set of men could have led them anywhither if they had not wanted to go.

This instance was furnished by the Southern people of the United States upon and since their emergence from the battle wreck and social wreck of the war ending at Appomattox. Since that day they have, on every fitting occasion and in every proper way, heaped honors upon the heads of those who led them, not to success and prosperity, as they hoped, but to such defeat, disaster, and gloom as would have meant despair to any other people.

Few even of the Southern States can furnish instances of loyalty on the part of the people to their public men equal to that exhibited by the State of Mississippi throughout her history wherever she has found men worthy of trust.

Gen. EDWARD CARY WALTHALL was no exception to the rule. It has not been long since he not only declined to be a candidate for a place in the United States Senate, but literally begged his people to permit him to throw off the burdens of public duty and retire to private life. He was in wretched health, unable to undergo the fatigue and hardships of a cam-

paign, and, in his own opinion, physically unequal to an adequate attention to the duties of his office.

The people of Mississippi excused him from the campaign, but conscripted him into the Senate.

The people did not know it at the time, but all know now, that his life would have been longer if he had had his will. He knew it then. He died a martyr, as he lived a willing slave, to his sense of duty. The people, who had witnessed his heroism and constancy in war, his love for them in peace, his devotion, not concealed, but veiled by the dignity and courtesy of his character, would not tolerate the spectacle of a hand less skilled at the helm so long as his hand could but touch it.

Every people, Mr. Speaker, in every age has had its ideal of true manliness. The ideal is the expression in popular thought of that which all in their better moments would like to be. One-tenth of mankind may mold themselves in original casts—nine-tenths mold themselves by conscious or unconscious imitation of that which they love and revere as personified in others, either living or dead; this is the excusable sense in which men are and always will be hero-worshippers. He who is not in some highest sense a hero-worshipper is either a genius, of whom there are few, or a self-worshipper, of whom there are too many.

The ideal of a people is of course reached by very few; it is reasonably approximated by many; it is striven for by nearly all, who are made better and nobler by the striving; it is rendered ridiculous in its overassertion or its unseasonable emphasis by some others; sometimes rendered hateful by those false at heart to what they outwardly assume.

The ideal of the Italian is perfect art—the very word which formerly meant manliness in Italy now means art in Italian—the ideal of the French, military glory; of the English, un-

affected honesty of deed and speech—its misunderstood consummation sometimes mere bluntness and boorishness. The ideal of the Southerner, before the war absolutely and now predominantly, is that character which we express by the word “gentleman.” The injunction of the father to the son was, “Be a gentleman.” The prayer of the mother was that her boy might, “first of all, be a gentleman.” If she held up in former times George Washington, in the latter times Robert E. Lee, as the first of Americans and a fit pattern for the molding of all Americans, and therefore of her own children, it was primarily because each in his day was “the first gentleman of his day.”

The word must be understood, not in the English sense as a man of gentle blood, but in the Southern sense as a man of lion-like manliness in deed, of womanlike gentleness in manner; of charitable consideration for all, and of liberality in all things.

The gentleman combined perfect and unfailing courtesy toward all women and all worthy men with perfect and unfailing courage, whether in private quarrel or in public strife.

He might be rich or he might be poor—Southerners neither cared nor asked. Happier for himself if the former were his condition, but “a gentleman still,” as the phrase went, whatever his financial condition, and therefore entitled to the unquestioning respect, confidence, and consideration of all men and to the love and devotion of any good woman. He might be well born, or born of obscure parents. That question, unlike the other, might be asked, but the answer made no difference if only the father were honest and not a coward and the mother were pure.

The ideal gentleman was always honest; spoke the truth; faced his enemy; fought him if necessary; never quarreled with him nor talked about him; rode well; shot well; used chaste and correct English; insulted no man—bore no insult from any; was studiously kind to his inferiors, especially to his slaves; cordially



hospitable to his equals; courteous to his superiors, if he acknowledged any; he scorned a demagogue, but loved his people, and held it mean to prefer any class or individual interest, most of all his own, to that of the masses of his countrymen.

He must be ready at any time, when needful, to lay his life down, not only for his own honor's sake, but, more promptly yet, for his country's, his State's, or his community's sake, and that, too, regardless of the dictates of his own private judgment as to the wisdom or unwisdom of the quarrel. It was his duty to try to guide his people in what he considered the right path; but if he failed, it was mean and selfish not to follow them and, if need be, die with them. He was sometimes accused of being an aristocrat; but if so, he belonged to that aristocracy which holds itself servant to the maxim *noblesse oblige*.

In his private relations he was perfect in courtesy to all; he exacted perfect courtesy from all, to himself and to those dependent upon him.

This was the ideal.

It is needless to say that many abused it; some with sincere purpose, but lacking depth of understanding or feeling, indulged in a superficial mannerism of "gentlemanliness," which constituted a sort of social Quixotism, making themselves ridiculous, but not infrequently at the same time lovable in their Quixotism to all good men. Some social hypocrites, without the heart of the gentleman, nor his power of self-control, like all selfish imitators who would obtain respect under false pretenses, became hateful to all right-thinking men, often bullies. Calling themselves "Southern gentlemen," it is not strange that they sometimes brought the phrase into dispute and subjected it to sneers.

I have heard one of the most acutely intelligent, though not one of the broadest, men of this country use the phrase

"Southern gentlemen" in debate sneeringly. Had he enjoyed an intimate social acquaintance with the type, he could no more have sneered when he used that phrase than he could have sneered at the manhood whose holiest aspiration it aimed to express.

It is also needless to say, Mr. Speaker, that with an ideal so high and so exalted as this which I have described, but a small percentage of men of any race, in any section of country, or at any time of the world's history, in any state of human evolution thus far reached, could succeed in fully attaining to it and in living it.

And yet Gen. E. C. WALTHALL, the man to whose memory we pay tribute to-day, attained to its full measure and lived it—lived its constant, not its fitful, impersonation.

There were some adventitious aids which might round out the pictured ideal, but which were not necessary to the make-up of the gentleman. Not every gentleman could be born physically strong, or graceful, or handsome in face and lithe of figure. Not every gentleman could be eloquent of speech, wise in council, and decisive in execution.

Nature denied these advantages to many.

She denied none of them to General WALTHALL. I have heard old soldiers say that mortal eye never saw sight better fitted for the modeling of an old Greek sculptor, whose business it was to model godlike men, than WALTHALL as a young officer of the Confederacy reviewing the men on dress parade with his young and beautiful wife by his side, her horsemanship rivaling his own, which was superb; or WALTHALL, magnificent in the glow and inspiration of battle, amidst its smoke and shock.

He was in war, serving where rude shocks leave little room for the courtesies of life; in his family; at the bar; on the

stump; at the board, where the filled wineglass invites carelessness of speech and action; among his friends; among his political opponents—I will not say among his enemies, for I do not know that he ever had any—not only always a self-contained, courteous, intelligent, broad-minded, truth-loving, brave, loyal, charitable, and patriotic gentleman, but he so lived that he deserved to have inscribed on his tombstone the epitaph, “Prince of gentlemen.”

As pure in thought, as modest in carriage, as high in personal aim as the noblest Knight of the Round Table, he was, as the good bishop of Mississippi said of him, “the lover of one woman, counting it cowardly to be untrue.” Pure in heart, he was clean in speech. Those who were not like him in this felt the restraint of his presence. It was not because they were rudely interrupted, or impolitely treated, either, but because even a fool could not fail to see, after one experience, that the two things did not go together—WALTHALL and impurity.

Yet he was not a Puritan; far from it. He hated the puritanical type, if, indeed, he hated anything. He was simply a gentleman, with the lack of assumption and the absence of pretense and of cant, which characterizes one.

As he lived, we all knew he could have died.

Mr. Speaker, the ideal death of the ideal gentleman was that of Sir Philip Sidney, when, directing the water brought for him to be passed by his own parched lips to the poor, gasping soldier at his side, he said, “He hath greater need of it than I.”

There was a death, Mr. Speaker, where neither rank nor condition nor wealth nor poverty counted, but courage and courtesy literally “to the death;” nothing beyond one’s self but only self-control, self-sacrifice, utter unselfishness before God and with man. WALTHALL could have died that death as gracefully and as unassumingly as Sir Philip himself.

An ideal death of self-devotion and sturdy adherence to conviction was that of old Hugh Latimer, when, observing his fellow-victim to writhe in the flames and to cry out in his agony, he exclaimed:

Never mind, Master Ridley, play the man, and we shall this day kindle such a fire in England as shall never be extinguished.

There is not an old soldier in Mississippi, among the few left, who followed WALTHALL as lieutenant, as colonel, as brigadier, or as major-general (followed him, I say—not fought under his orders) who does not know that WALTHALL could have died this death, too, and would have done it rather than recant the simplest conviction or turn back upon a loved cause. As my colleague [Mr. Fox] has so well said, quoting WALTHALL'S own language: "He never sought a hard place for glory, nor a soft one for comfort." As my colleague, Mr. Allen, has told you, these were the words he uttered when General Hood asked him to cover the rear of the shattered army on its retreat from Nashville. He simply did his duty as time and circumstance brought duty.

Do you still ask why Mississippians almost worshipped him? If you do, you exhibit an ignorance of "the higher things of this life."

At his funeral there was no wailing, no noisy exhibition of grief; of flowers and love and tear-dimmed eyes there was an abundance. In speaking for myself I think I speak for others when I say that the eyes were not dimmed so much because the stainless gentleman was gone. There had been nothing to regret in his death, as there had been nothing to regret in his life.

It was because we knew how far short the rest of us had fallen from the life which he lived—the life of the pure, gen-



tle, lion-hearted Southern gentleman, provincial, perhaps, but noble always. It was because he was almost the last of a long line of Mississippians of historic type and fame. The old historic ideal about which the Southern life revolved and which had furnished the link of connection between the several stages of the evolutionary development of its civilization is, they say, losing its molding force.

They say something better will take its place. I do not believe it. I do not believe anything better is, or ever was, or can be. It has lost its force with this generation in a measure, though not altogether. The transition stage from an old to a new industrial life has partially destroyed that, as it has destroyed many other sweet flowers, which will, however, spring afresh to bloom anew among the beauties of the new order of things, fertilized by the ashes of the old.

But I believe our people will recur to it, simply because it will be, in the new life, the survival of the fittest out of the old.

It has been said that "An honest man is the noblest work of God." It is a half truth. There is something nobler than the merely honest man, because inclusive of it. It is an honest man who adds to his honesty courtesy, unself-assuming courage, charity, purity, unselfishness of thought and conduct, devotion of self and class to his people's weal; in a word, a gentleman.

This is the ideal in the homestead yet, though in the mart it has been overgrown with the weeds of money getting. Above all it is safely ensconced in the hearts of good women, whence it will come, as things enshrined there must come, in their children's lives to enrich all society. Call it what you will, Mr. Speaker, God grant that we as a people may never be without it. In the meantime the scythe of death has been busy with



Mississippians—Davis, Lamar, George, WALTHALL,—all gone!  
What wonder if we are tempted to exclaim—

O! my country's wintry state;  
What second spring shall renovate,  
What genial sun shall bid arise,  
The buried warlike and the wise?

ADDRESS OF MR. HENRY OF MISSISSIPPI.

Mr. Speaker, rarely has it fallen to the lot of any State to lose by death two Senators in one session of Congress. And such Senators! Men who stood out from their fellows with God's impress upon them. Each representing the highest type of his class, yet differing from each other in many respects.

The State of Mississippi this session mourns the loss of Senators George and WALTHALL. "Their like we ne'er shall see again." "Par nobile fratrum."

But I come now to talk of EDWARD CARY WALTHALL, at the time of his death the senior Senator from Mississippi, who died in this city on the 21st day of April, 1898. For some time he had been in feeble health, but despite the advice of his friends and physicians he refused to leave his post of duty.

His last appearance in the Senate was to deliver a eulogy on the life and character of his late colleague, Senator George. The effort prostrated him. Though advised not to attempt it, he felt it was his duty, which to him was paramount to any personal consideration.

The announcement of his death was received with genuine and heartfelt sorrow, not only in his own State, where he was universally beloved, but throughout the country at large, by which he was recognized as one of the most distinguished men in the august body of which he was a member.

He was a true friend, a wise counselor, and a safe leader. His life was a busy one; but few men attained more of success. He was not ambitious in the common acceptation of the term. It seemed his ambition to do right, to do his duty as he saw it; and possessing the courage of his convictions, he did it fearlessly and conscientiously.

Honors came to him unsought, and he wore them with grace and dignity. An uncompromising Democrat, he adhered at all times to the tenets of his party, as his votes will attest. Nothing could allure him to sacrifice his principles.

Succeeding the illustrious Lamar in the Senate of the United States, to which he was three times elected, his career reflected credit upon his ability and honor upon his constituency.

Rarely joining in debates, his views on all public questions were pronounced, and his influence marked to an extent his own people will never know, but which was quietly used in their interest, often the recipients learning of it through others, never from him.

Of superb mental and moral endowments, he quietly, modestly, and apparently without effort assumed his place in the front rank, and maintained it there with that innate dignity for which he was so remarkable.

He was appointed to the Senate in 1885, upon the resignation of Senator Lamar, and elected for the unexpired term by the legislature of his State in 1886; was reelected in 1888, and again in 1892. His term would have expired in 1901.

Born in Richmond, Va., in 1831, he proved himself a worthy son of that glorious old Commonwealth. Removing to Mississippi in 1839, his parents located at Holly Springs, where he received an academic education. There early in life, he was imbued with those manly principles of independence which marked his after career.

So distinctive was his bearing that it did seem God had set His stamp upon him, and at all times, under all the vicissitudes of fortune, he stood forth from among his fellows, and "all did proclaim him a man."

Studying law, he was admitted to the bar in 1852. When hostilities commenced between the States, he was serving his

second term as district attorney. This office he resigned and entered the Confederate army as a lieutenant in the Fifteenth Mississippi Regiment—of glorious memory—of which he shortly became lieutenant-colonel. In the ill-fated battle of Fishing Creek, in Kentucky, Lieutenant-Colonel WALTHALL commanded this regiment, exhibiting there the soldierly qualities for which he became so distinguished throughout the war.

In 1862 he raised and became colonel of the Twenty-ninth Mississippi Regiment, which he led through the Kentucky campaign under General Bragg. In December of that year he was promoted to the rank of brigadier-general, and two years later to that of major-general. His gallant conduct in every action during the campaign under Generals Bragg, Johnston, and Hood in Kentucky, Georgia, and Tennessee is a conspicuous part of the history of those perilous times, and stamps him as a soldier of the highest type.

When in the winter of 1864 the grand and devoted battalions of the Confederates were broken and shattered and in retreat from Nashville, General Hood, recognizing the seriousness of the situation, ordered General Forrest to organize a rear guard to cover his retreat, consisting of his cavalry and eight skeleton brigades of infantry, and told him to select a major-general to command the infantry; without hesitation General Forrest asked for Major-General WALTHALL.

When this command was tendered to him, General Hood expressed regret at the arduous and dangerous duty to which he was about to be assigned. WALTHALL replied in words that savored of the days of chivalry, and so characteristic of the man, "Make your order, General Hood. I never sought a hard place for glory nor a soft place for comfort."

And during that long and weary retreat in the dead of winter, day and night, until the Confederate army had recrossed the

Tennessee River, faithfully, doggedly, did he do his duty. Always with the rear guard—the post of danger—with no relief for many days and nights, he hung in front of the advancing enemy, meeting charge with charge, and disputing every foot of ground. For his devotion he received the thanks of Generals Hood and Forrest in their official reports.

Well do I remember him in those memorable days of war! With a splendid physique, magnificent in his bearing, warm of heart, as gentle in his manners as a woman, yet the very personification of chivalry, he filled a unique place in the hearts of Confederate soldiers. He always led his command into action, and when on the charge, in the storm of battle, he looked “a very god of war.”

He surrendered his command at Greensboro, N. C., and returned to his home, where he resumed the practice of his profession. By dint of energy and ability he achieved for himself distinction and a competency.

Throughout the horrible era of reconstruction to which his State was subjected he was true to his people, never “bending the pregnant hinges of the knee,” as did some men in those dark and troublous days.

But now he has gone to his reward to “give an account of the deeds done in the body,” and methinks that in that celestial host who welcomed him on the other side there was no purer nor knightlier spirit than that of WALTHALL.

His sword is rust, his body is dust,  
His soul is with the saints, I trust.

He sleeps in the beautiful burial ground at Holly Springs, in the State of his adoption, where tender and loving hands will with each recurring spring bring flowers to deck his grave. To them his memory will ever be as a sweet incense, and his career an inspiration to his people.

“Requiescat in pace.”

S. Doc. 171—8



## ADDRESS OF MR. FOX.

Mr. Speaker, it is well for mankind, and I believe is a part of the divine plan for elevating, developing, and saving the human race, that in every age there are raised up men pre-eminent among their fellows for noble virtues and great achievements. They are examples for all. They inspire all with noble aspirations, high endeavor, lofty patriotism, and unselfish devotion to duty. It is impossible to know them without believing in them, and it is impossible to believe in them without emulating them and becoming better men and better citizens. Such a man was E. C. WALTHALL. Such men, considering them as examples to others, illustrate, and, I might say, demonstrate, the fundamental doctrine of the true Christian, whose simple faith is that he will be made better and better and finally saved by believing in and following the only Perfect Man.

The reflex action of WALTHALL's life and character on those who knew him and understood him was wonderful. It was impossible to know him without loving him, and those who knew him best loved him best. His character, his conduct, his sentiments, all tended to uplift, to refine, and to ennoble those who believed in him and followed him. Those who emulated him were incapable of meanness. His example always inspired others with purity of thought, self-sacrifice, and loyalty to State, family, and friends. He had the loftiest ideals and lived up to them. The embodiment of courage and honor, he never turned his back on friend or foe. The highest sense of honor is often referred to as feeling a stain like a wound, but WALTHALL's honor never felt a stain. It was as stainless and pure as the virtue of any virgin, and he always

valued it above wealth, position, friendship, reputation, life itself.

He always obeyed implicitly, in smallest as well as matters of greatest import, in public as well as private matters, the dictates of his own conscience. He never tried to fool or mislead himself in believing to be right that which he instinctively knew to be wrong. In this respect his character is best described by a word he was fond of applying to any friend in whom he had faith. He was always "perpendicular." In all his mental processes he was as conscientious as in questions of right and wrong. He had an intellectual conscience. He never tried to deceive his own strong intellect by any sort of sophistry or false reasoning. He never sought to reach any other conclusion than that which would be sanctioned by his own judgment, unbiased by any other consideration except a desire to arrive at the truth.

He was true to himself, and although exceedingly sensitive to criticism, valued his own self-respect more highly than the respect of others, and if he had been himself conscious of doing a wrong, although he alone knew it, it would have pained him as much as if the whole world knew it. His conscience had, therefore, never been perverted or distorted; but in all the years it had grown stronger and stronger until it had become well-nigh what every man's conscience is intended to be, an infallible, God-given sense of right. When he knew the facts, he never had to reason or think on a question of right and wrong, but had that unerring, indefinable sense which is sometimes called instinct, but which is the very essence of omniscience.

So generally was this recognized that he was frequently the arbiter of differences between men, and no man who knew him hesitated to commit his honor into his keeping. Friends were

constantly consulting him on questions of honor, and his advice was always implicitly followed. He had the greatest charity for the faults of others, and always preferred others to himself; but he would brook no infringement on the known personal rights of himself or his friends; and there was no personal sacrifice he would not make to maintain either. I have never known a man who had more disinterested, unselfish devotion to his friends. His attachment for them amounted to a burning love, and they in return loved him. He listened to no slander against them. He never lost an opportunity of aiding them, and he was so unselfish that he never told a friend what he did for him lest it might appear that he was keeping books against him and expected him to pay the debt.

Detesting sentimentality, he was full of sentiment. He loved his country. He loved his State better than he did his life; and there was nothing except his wife that he loved better than the old town of Grenada, where he lived; and never was a man so loved by his community as was he by the people of Grenada. It was because they knew him better than anybody else; they idolized him. "The General," as he was called with so much affection, was always their hero, and never went on the streets without an ovation. To them he was the greatest man; and they were right in their estimate of him because they knew him. At home among his intimates he never forgot his courtly manners, yet the humblest laborer never hesitated to approach him; without any appearance of patronizing them he was always kind to them.

The elegant manners that so marked his conduct in the presence of woman were not the accomplishments of a courtier or the studied grace of gallantry, but rather the natural and unaffected expression of a deep, sincere, and pure reverence for woman; and woman always recognized the high tribute paid

her, and in return crowned him as her beau ideal of a noble manhood. I know of no greater tribute to his high character than the devotion of his noble wife, a woman of unusual refinement and intelligence. She shared with him all the hardships, privations, and dangers of the march and the bivouac, and for four long years was at every battlefield to receive her hero in victory or defeat, living or dead. One hardly knows which most to admire—the man who could win the love of such a woman and always be worthy of it, or the woman who could endure such hardships and self-sacrifices for him, and never doubt that he was worthy of it.

So great was her love for him that even death could not separate them long, and she soon joined him on the other shore.

Such was the private character of this great man as I knew him and loved him. Such were the splendid virtues that drew to him, as with hooks of steel, thousands of loyal friends who always delighted to honor him, and who would resent any attack on him. Among these friends the term “Walthallian” became the highest expression of chivalric honor and lofty courage, and to-day there is no Masonry or mystic tie that binds its devotees in closer union than does the memory of WALTHALL unite his personal friends, who always delighted not only to honor him, but all those he loved.

In public life he was no less admirable.

As a lawyer he had no superior at the bar in Mississippi, either in knowledge of the law or in careful preparation and skillful management of his case. He was painstaking and cautious and always knew his own position and that of his antagonist to the smallest detail, and when the time for action came no man could be more aggressive. In the court room, although treating his opponent with a courtesy that com-



manded respect and even admiration, yet he always forced the fighting and put his opponent on the defensive. His position at the bar was so eminent that he received a letter from a distinguished author, who was at the time preparing a biography of leading lawyers, requesting a sketch of his life as the leading lawyer of Mississippi. With his characteristic modesty and self-denial, he replied that he was not entitled to such a distinguished honor, that it belonged to his friend, Judge Wiley P. Harris, who was then living.

He never sought political honors. He was once appointed and three times elected United States Senator without being a candidate. The last time he was elected he had written a public letter peremptorily declining to be a candidate. It was then that Senator Lamar wrote to a friend: "Mississippi ought not to tolerate for a moment the idea of acquiescing in the retirement of Senator WALTHALL. Of all the splendid men that she has ever presented to the nation, WALTHALL is the one beyond all competitors in moral purity, strength of mind, heroism of soul, and commanding influence among men."

Mississippi so far sympathized with this sentiment that without any concert of action, yet with a unanimity unparalleled in political history, they met at the primaries and cast their ballots for E. C. WALTHALL.

While he recognized the right of all to aspire to public position and always aided his friends to gratify a laudable ambition by honorable methods, he believed that public office was only a post of honor when conferred by the people, to whom it belonged, on a worthy citizen as a reward of merit and an expression of confidence in ability and integrity. He revolted at the idea that office should be bestowed either for the personal or political aggrandizement of the appointing power or as a reward for the personal services of the appointee. He did not believe



office was a commodity to be bought and sold or traded for. He was no more capable of entering a combination to control public office than of committing grand larceny. When he entered a political caucus, personal advantage was never sought and never desired. The only object was the public good and the selection of those who were regarded as the most suitable men.

The illustrious career of General WALTHALL in the United States Senate is history. He was essentially a conservative. Such a character as I have described could not be otherwise. He believed in the ideals of the fathers who wrote the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence. He repudiated the idea that these great masterpieces were mere swaddling clothes made for an infant republic, to be cast off now when it has grown to be a giant among nations, which a new school of statesmen say is henceforth to be guided by what they are pleased to call "manifest destiny."

On the contrary, he believed that the great principles of the Constitution were immortal and imposed limitations on all the coordinate branches of government—limitations which were and are absolutely necessary to restrain the greed and power of those in authority and to preserve the liberties and rights of the people. He held as a sacred and fundamental principle that all government should be by the consent of the governed. He believed that the framers of the Constitution were both wise and patriotic; that they meant what they said and said what they meant.

He was in the highest and best sense of the word democratic; believing in the fullest individual liberty of the citizen consistent with good government and the rights of others; in perfect freedom of conscience and perfect protection to life, liberty, and property; that every citizen, however humble, was a sovereign,

and entitled to the equal protection of the law. Such a man could never favor a radical departure from original principles, could never favor a doubtful or dangerous experiment, could never tolerate class legislation. As a Senator he brought all his splendid ability, all his intellectual and moral conscientiousness, all his conservatism, all his devotion to constitutional liberty, all his personal attachment to his State and her citizens, all his love for the rights of men, to the service of his people and of the Union.

Such a man was easily a leader, whose counsel and advice were eagerly sought, and whose accurate reasoning and unerring judgment were usually followed by his associates. He had not been long in the Senate before he was made chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs and a member of the Finance Committee and of the steering committee of his party. The eulogies of his colleagues in the Senate, Republican and Democratic, are the best testimonials to his ability, his wisdom, his probity, and patriotism as one of the leaders in that great forum.

In my judgment, great as he was as a lawyer and statesman, he was greater as a soldier. Entering the Confederate army as a civilian, without military training or experience, promoted step by step from second lieutenant to major-general, his career, for daring, skillful maneuver, self-sacrifice, strategy, and glorious achievement, was unsurpassed in all the annals of that great struggle. Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, who knew him so well, said, "If the war had lasted two years longer, General WALTHALL would have risen to the command of all the Confederate armies."

In battle he always led, and never followed his command. He was the foremost in the charge and the hindmost in retreat. He would order no man, not even the humblest private, to encounter danger into which he would not lead, and would jeop-

ardize his own life rather than that of a subordinate. As an illustration, I give an incident of the battle of Fishing Creek, as related by William Preston Johnston in the life of Albert Sidney Johnston. He says:

General Thomas's troops were encamped on either side of the road, with a wood in their front from one-fourth to one-half mile through. In front of the wood were fields about 300 yards across, and beyond this a low ridge parallel with the wood. The Confederates promptly crossed the wood and fields and found a force in the edge of the wood in their front. This consisted of the Fourth Kentucky and Tenth Indiana regiments. General Crittenden had warned them in the council of war of the danger of firing into their friends, especially as many of the Southern troops wore blue uniforms, and to avoid this risk they had adopted as a password, "Kentucky."

The morning was dark and misty, and nothing could be seen of the opposing force except a line of armed men. The skirmishers reported to WALTHALL that this was Battle's command. WALTHALL made his troops lie down behind a slight elevation, and going forward to some high ground hailed the troops in his front, "What troops are those?" The answer was "Kentucky." He called again, "Who are you?" And the answer came as before, "Kentucky." He then went back and got his colors, and, returning, once more asked the same question and received the same answer. He then unfurled his flag, and immediately the Federal line opened upon him with a volley. He turned to order forward his regiment and found that Lieutenant Harrington, who had followed him without his knowledge, was lying dead beside him, pierced by more than twenty balls. The flag was riddled and the staff cut, but Colonel WALTHALL was untouched. It was this incident that led to the belief that the password was betrayed to the enemy by the guide; but the answer coming from the Fourth Kentucky was the natural and proper one.

WALTHALL was in command of the famous Fifteenth Mississippi Regiment, noted as among the most gallant in the service.

One of the survivors of this regiment has told me, in explanation of this incident, that when WALTHALL, failing to get any response to his question except "Kentucky," went back to his command and cried, "Give me the flag and I will find out who they are," Lieutenant Harrington begged him for the privilege of going in his stead, pleading with him that his life was too valuable to sacrifice, but WALTHALL, with his characteristic magnanimity, replied that the danger was so great that he would allow no man to incur it, but would go himself. Without WALTHALL's knowledge Harrington followed, with the result as stated.

As allusion has been made by others to the selection of WALTHALL to cover Hood's retreat from Nashville, I hope I may be pardoned for giving the exact history of that memorable event as related by an eyewitness, Maj. D. W. Saunders, a member of WALTHALL's staff, and now a distinguished lawyer of Louisville, Ky. He writes:

On the morning of the 20th of December, 1864, General Hood sent a member of his staff to General WALTHALL, who had established his headquarters at the residence of Nimrod Porter, near Columbia, with the request that he should call at army headquarters immediately. General WALTHALL at once rode to army headquarters, and the writer accompanied him. On the pike, as WALTHALL approached army headquarters, he met General Hood on his horse, in company with Dr. Darby, who was the medical director of the army. Hood said to WALTHALL substantially as follows:

"Things are in a bad condition. I have resolved to reorganize the rear guard. Forrest says he can not keep the enemy off us any longer without a strong infantry support, but says he can do it with the help of 3,000 infantry with you to command them. You can select any troops in the army. It is a post of great honor, but one of such great peril that I will not impose it on you unless you are willing to take it; and you had better



take troops that can be relied upon, for you may have to cut your way out to get to me after the main army gets out. The army must be saved, come what may; and, if necessary, your command must be sacrificed to accomplish it."

WALTHALL, in reply, said: "General, I have never asked for a hard place for glory nor a soft place for comfort, but take my chances as they come. Give me the order for the troops and I will do my best. Being the youngest major-general in the army, I believe, my seniors may complain that the place was not given to them, but that is a matter between you and them." And Hood said: "Forrest wants you, and I want you." General Forrest rode up during the conversation and said: "Now we will keep them back." And Hood gave verbal orders for WALTHALL to take any troops he wanted.

As evidence that WALTHALL in person was in full command of the rear guard, supported by General Forrest, I quote the language of General Hood in his book, *Advance and Retreat*:

Major-General WALTHALL, one of the most able division commanders in the South, was here ordered to form a rear guard with eight picked brigades, together with Forrest's cavalry. The march was then resumed in the direction of Columbia, Stewart's corps moving in front, followed by those of Cheatham and Stevenson. The army bivouacked in line of battle near Duck River on the night of the 18th.

The following day we crossed the river and proceeded on different roads leading toward Bainbridge, on the Tennessee, harassed by the enemy. I felt confident that WALTHALL, supported on his flank by the gallant Forrest, would prove equal to any emergency which might arise. I therefore continued, although within sound of the guns of the rear guard, to march leisurely, and arrived at Bainbridge on the 25th of December.

I have said that WALTHALL had the loftiest ideals and lived up to them. His ideal of a soldier and statesman is best shown in his own "pure, chaste, classic language," of which Senator Gorman has so truthfully said he was master. This lan-



guage was used in a speech at Walthall, Miss., in support of General Hancock when a candidate for the Presidency; and when I listened to him I knew he was unconsciously delineating his own character as well as that of the distinguished man who was the subject of his eulogy. I was so much impressed with it then that I asked him to write it out and give it to me, which he did. I preserved it and give it now as a faithful portraiture of WALTHALL. He said:

My ideal of a soldier commissioned in the army is of one who, with a liberal education, brings honor, courage, wisdom, and patriotism to the service of the Government which trained him for the duties of his calling; who stands ready at all times to meet his duty, if need be, with his life; one who glories in the victories of the field, but is so imbued with the spirit of our free Government that he never forgets that the sublimest triumphs of earth are the "peaceful triumphs of law."

My ideal of an American statesman is of one gifted by nature with a big brain and a true heart and a strong will; who has earnestly striven to master the science and philosophy of government and added to the stores of learning he has gathered from the teachings of the fathers the fruits of his own experience and careful observation; who is in sympathy with the body of the people in all their interests and their needs, but yields his convictions neither to the clamor of the multitude nor the demands of the powerful. A well-poised, incorruptible, just man, beyond the reach of flattery or fear; who looks down on timeservers and intriguers and would scorn to scheme for honors or office, but shrinks from no duty his country may impose. All this, and more, I find centered and harmoniously blended in General Hancock, a soldier who holds the law above his sword and a statesman who would draw his soldier's sword to uphold the law.

ADDRESS OF MR. SPIGHT.

Mr. Speaker, although much has already been said this evening, if I were to allow this occasion to pass without saying a word by way of tribute to the memory of Senator WALTHALL, I would feel that I were unfaithful to myself, unfaithful to the people of Mississippi, who loved him for his many noble qualities and for his devotion to their interests, and unfaithful to my dead friend, whose kindness I so often received.

As the only member of either House of this Congress who fought under him during the war, I come to-day to offer a slight testimonial to his exalted worth as a soldier and as a man. I loved him because he was lovable. I honored him because he was honorable. I trusted him because he was worthy of all trust. I knew him first as a soldier, when as a boy I followed his leadership on many a bloody field, and whether in the quiet of the camp, or on the wearisome march, or in the shock of battle he was always the same kind-hearted, chivalrous gentleman.

As gentle as a woman, or as fearless as a lion, as occasion demanded, he represented the truest type of the volunteer soldier. Sir Walter Scott makes one of his characters in *Old Mortality* say, "I never knew a soldier who was not a true-hearted man." General WALTHALL measured up to the full stature of that kind of a soldier, as every man who knew him will testify. His great, noble heart, his generous nature, his loyalty to his friends, his charity toward his foes, added to a peculiar grace of manner, won all who were brought into contact with him. You could not look into his face without feeling that you were in the presence of a gentleman. You could not touch his hand without feeling that magnetic thrill which goes out only from the heart of a friend you can trust.

When the fearful bugle blast of war was sounded in 1861, calling from their peaceful vocations the sons of America to the bloodiest war of modern times, WALTHALL, then a young lawyer, with a devotion to his people that characterized his whole life, responded at once to his country's call and was soon in the "thickest of the fight." From the position of lieutenant he rose step by step until in the summer of 1864 the wreath and stars of a major-general adorned his collar, and no knightlier soldier ever drew blade in defense of a cause he loved.

Henry of Navarre admonished his soldiers, when going into battle on a memorable occasion, that if in the excitement and confusion of the strife they should lose sight of their colors, "Be your oriflamme to-day the white plume of Navarre." So could it have been said of WALTHALL. Where his gleaming blade was seen the battle raged most fiercely, and by his impetuous courage and splendid generalship he infused into his men so much of his spirit, and with it so much confidence in their leader, that his Mississippi command was known throughout military circles as "The fighting brigade" of the Army of Tennessee. How well they deserved it was evidenced on many a bloody field from Fishing Creek to Nashville, and hundreds of brave Mississippi boys fell under his banner and died with a consciousness of duty well done and pride that they belonged to "WALTHALL'S brigade."

I thank God that those dark days could not last; but looking back through the light of a third of a century, I can see him yet as he rode like a veritable god of war amidst the screaming of shells and the song of the death-dealing minie; and my heart swells now with the pride of my boyhood that I, too, bared my breast to the storm of battle beneath his eagle eye and received his commendations when the bloody work was done.

Those were history-making days, and no brighter pages will

ever be written than those which record the heroic deeds and martial spirit of our citizen soldiery who for four long years struggled for supremacy—the soldier of the South upon the one side, the soldier of the North upon the other—each believing his cause to be just as God gave him to see the right.

But when the Southern flag had been furled forever and her ragged veterans had returned to desolate homes and found themselves reduced to poverty, and during the dark days of reconstruction which followed, it was then that Mississippians realized in its fullest sense how faithful a friend they had in the peerless WALTHALL. Always ready to counsel, encourage, and lead his people, and asking nothing but the simple privilege of doing his duty, it is no wonder he became the people's idol.

No man was ever more unselfish in his devotion to his beloved State or more keenly alive to her best and highest interests. No man of equal eminence was ever so modest. The politician believes that for service rendered he should receive compensation at least commensurate with his estimate of the value of his services. But WALTHALL was not a politician. His nature was too generous, his heart was too guileless, his impulses too noble to learn the tricks of the politician. He never sought office, but steadily declined to accept every offer of political preferment, asking only the happy privilege of doing all in his power as a private citizen to advance the interests of the people who honored and loved him so much.

Notwithstanding his great modesty, he was a man of broad and liberal statesmanship. Quick of apprehension, prompt in action, and always keeping in view the good to be accomplished, he was a safe leader and a trusted counselor. Sincere in his convictions, and courageous to stand by them, there was never any trouble in knowing which side of any great question he



was on. He did not know how to dissemble; he scorned the arts of the demagogue, and won his way to the hearts and consciences of the people by his ingenuousness, his absolute truthfulness, and evident devotion to the right. Few men ever possessed in so marked a degree that mysterious and indefinable power which, for want of a better name, is called "personal magnetism." Men were drawn to him and made to love and trust him by the force of inherent qualities which formed an essential part of his being.

He repeatedly refused to allow himself to be nominated for governor of the State, when nomination meant election, and never would accept any office except that of district attorney, which he held when the war commenced, until his great friend, Lamar, left the Senate to accept a place in Mr. Cleveland's cabinet, when, in deference to the unanimous demand of the people of the State, he at last agreed to take Colonel Lamar's place in the United States Senate, where he remained until his death, except about one year, when he was forced to retire on account of bad health. In this retirement he only illustrated anew the integrity of purpose and devotion to duty which ever characterized the man.

When he realized that his health was such that he could not be as faithful and efficient as he felt he ought to be as a public servant, he resigned, over the protest of his friends; but in spite of all denials he was promptly reelected to the next full term, and died in this city while Congress was in session last spring.

When he came to Washington as a Senator from Mississippi, he soon won the hearts of all with whom he was associated, without regard to party political faith; and I have been told that some of his warmest friends and greatest admirers here were found amongst the ex-Federal officers and Republican members of Congress.



One of the leading characteristics of General WALTHALL, which early impressed itself upon me was his utter detestation of anything like sham and his love of justice and fair play. In my own personal experience as a young officer in his command, I had illustrations of this spirit of fairness which I can never forget, and which bound my heart to him with "hooks of steel." No soldier whose cause was just ever had ground to fear that he could not successfully plead it before the justice-loving WALTHALL.

He was the friend of every soldier in his command from the humblest private to the highest officer, and they all loved him. He was a strict disciplinarian, but so kind and just with it all that it was a pleasure to obey, and so great was their confidence in him that they would have followed him into the very "jaws of death."

By his superior commanders he was often placed in the most trying positions, where nothing but coolness, courage, and consummate skill could avail; and he never disappointed the trust reposed in him. A man of wonderful resources, keen perceptions, undaunted courage, a great heart, and unsurpassed magnetic power, he was an ideal leader of men. Without previous military training he was called suddenly from civic duties into the fiery arena of war, yet in his sphere he was the peer of the grandest soldiers of an army so full of great men.

The last year of his life was a pathetic one. Stricken by a mortal sickness, he lay dying in this city, while there stood at his bedside not only friends who loved him, but also his devoted wife, one of the noblest of a noble Southern womanhood, who had for about forty years walked by his side, his friend, his counselor, his wife, his helpmate indeed. They never had any children save an adopted daughter, and when the grave closed over the mortal body of the husband the heart of the living wife was buried there, too.

There was no more earthly sunshine for her. The music in her soul was hushed. The light had gone out of her life. "The silver cord was loosed; the golden bowl was broken," and in a short time she threw off the shackles that bound her to earth, and her pure spirit took its flight to the other shore across the river, and "under the shade of the trees" in the paradise of God she joined her loved one gone before, while side by side their bodies are sleeping beneath the sod in their beloved Mississippi, where their graves will ever be kept green by the hands of loving friends and those who come after them.

Within a period of about eight months the State of Mississippi suffered a peculiar and well-nigh irreparable loss in the death of two Senators in the Congress of the United States. Grand State that she is, how proud she was of her two great Senators, George and WALTHALL! George, the "great commoner," the friend of the people, the constitutional lawyer, the father and successful defender of the Mississippi constitution; and WALTHALL, the gallant soldier, the courtly gentleman, the incorruptible statesman, the faithful friend. Happy Mississippi! Proud Mississippi! Unfortunate Mississippi! What State of this great American Union could boast of two grander men? What State was ever so sorely afflicted in so short a time?

The old patriarch Job, when his afflictions bore heavily upon him, asked, "If a man die, shall he live again?" Jesus Christ answers, "I am the resurrection and the life." The soul of the Christian answers, "The grave is but the door that opens to a blessed immortality." The great Apostle to the Gentiles, in a glorious outburst of faith, exclaims, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" Looking at the noble lives of these two great sons of Mississippi, and remembering their reverence for and faith in the "Man of Galilee," we have confidence that beyond the "dark river," in the home

of the blessed, these faithful friends have met and clasped hands forever.

It is notable that the last speech made by General WALTHALL in the United States Senate was his memorial tribute to his dead colleague, and we recall with pleasure now his beautiful eulogy upon the Christian character of the departed statesman. Yes, "There is life beyond the river," but this is not all. Such men as George and WALTHALL, "Though lost to sight, to memory dear," will continue to live in the hearts of their countrymen so long as true worth, exalted patriotism, and wise statesmanship are revered on earth.

A sad and beautiful coincidence is noted in the close of the lives of these great Mississippians. Each had been blessed through long years with the companionship of his first and only love. General George saw his noble and devoted wife depart, and in a few weeks followed after her. General WALTHALL was blessed the more in having his with him when his summons came, but she could not tarry, and soon joined him.

Mississippi has had many distinguished sons about whom her warmest affections clustered, but she never had one more faithful and true, nor one more implicitly trusted, nor one more universally loved than the warm-hearted, generous, unspotted soldier statesman, EDWARD CARY WALTHALL; and on one of the brightest pages of her history his name will be recorded as the synonym of exalted patriotism, true manhood, unswerving integrity, and unselfish devotion to duty.

When he died, every man who knew him felt that he had lost a friend over whose grave it was manly to drop a tear.

I shall not see his like again.

## ADDRESS OF MR. BOUTELLE OF MAINE.

Mr. Speaker, I can not claim to have had an intimate acquaintanceship with Senator WALTHALL, but I have been in Congress during his entire service, and on numerous occasions, both public and social, it has been my fortune to meet him in such a way as to strongly impress me with his excellent qualities and the humble characteristics of the man. His public life, of course, is well known and has been delineated here in such tender and appreciative language by those who have known him long and well that it will hardly be expected that I should go further than simply to express my kindly feelings toward him in all the relations in which I have been brought in contact with him during my public life. I wish to attest my great appreciation of the manliness of the man, of his sturdy devotion to what he believed to be his duty, to the fearless expression of his convictions, and especially to the habits of tenderness in his social life, where I have been brought in contact with him under circumstances that have caused me to entertain the highest degree of respect for him.

Mr. Speaker, I felt a sense of personal loss when Senator WALTHALL was taken from us. His dignity of character, his geniality, his manliness, his candor, and his uniform courtesy of manner were always winning and attractive to those who knew him; and most attractive to those who knew him best.

I served with him on one occasion on the Board of Visitors to the Naval Academy at Annapolis, in which, during a week of pleasant experiences, I was in daily and hourly association with him, not only in the performance of the official duties assigned to us on the board, but in the lighter and more pleasing social duties of the occasion; and I can think of no man with whom I

have been brought in contact since my official duties began in Congress, and no period of my association with any man or any family which I can recall with more pleasure than that period when I was associated with Senator WALTHALL and his charming wife and daughter in the ten days spent with them at the Naval Academy.

He was filled with kindness, as with bright thoughts; an entertaining conversationist; a strong and earnest man, whose convictions were always expressed without offense, and yet a man of powerful ability in the expression of them. He was always the center of interest in the social circles he frequented; full of reminiscences, graphic in his statements, and always interesting, entertaining, and charming in what he had to say; while through it all there was running constantly a geniality of mind, a kindness of heart, a bonhomie of good nature, that seemed to well up toward his fellow-men and distinguished him wherever he might be found and in whatever society with which he intermingled.

Mr. Speaker, I simply come here to-day with these broken and imperfect words to lay my tribute of consideration and respect on the grave of a strong, earnest, and good man, an able statesman, and a kind, sympathetic, and deeply lamented friend.



## ADDRESS OF MR. BARTLETT.

Mr. Speaker, with unerring and deadly aim the insatiate archer Death has fired his fatal arrows at the heart of Mississippi during the past few years; and following in rapid succession Jefferson Davis, L. Q. C. Lamar, James Z. George, and EDWARD C. WALTHALL have fallen victims to the dread enemy of mankind. The last two have paid the great debt of nature since I became a member of Congress. Both were members of the United States Senate, and both were distinguished for their ability and devotion to the interests of their State and their country, in peace as well as in war.

They are no more; and to-day the House puts aside the ordinary course of its business to pay a tribute to the memory of one of these who was respected, loved, and admired during his life, and who was sincerely mourned by the people of his State at his death. It was my good fortune and pleasure to meet and to know General WALTHALL early after I became a member of Congress. His courteous manner, his consideration, and the easy approach to him at all times soon won my respect, and the longer I knew him the more I admired and loved him. Others from his own State have delineated his character and life more fully and completely than I can undertake to do; but I desire to render this simple tribute of my remembrance and friendship to his memory.

Born in the State of Virginia, in early boyhood he became a resident of Mississippi, where he lived, whose people he served in many capacities, and whose interests and people he loved. He rests to-day peacefully in the soil of his adopted State after his life's labors had been faithfully and well performed. A lawyer by profession, he, soon after he became a

member of the bar, was intrusted with high official position, which he resigned to enter the army of the Confederacy.

From the beginning of his public career down to the time of his death there was no office in the gift of his people that they would not have bestowed upon him, and the offices that he accepted and filled were given, in most cases, without his seeking them. And the records of the Senate show the remarkable fact that he was a member of that body, resigned on account of his health, entertaining a high sense of public duty that he should not hold the office when his health would not permit him to discharge its duties, and at the same time he had already been elected by the State of Mississippi to fill the full term, which he entered upon and served after his health had been restored.

As a soldier of the Confederate army none was braver, none was truer, and none won and retained the love of his followers and the confidence of his officers more than did General WALTHALL. First being elected lieutenant, then lieutenant-colonel, then colonel, after which he was appointed brigadier-general, then major-general, and but for his modesty and refusal to be preferred over a friend he would have been appointed a lieutenant-general in the Confederate army.

It would be impossible here to detail the many campaigns in which he was engaged or the many battles in which he took conspicuous part, but wherever courage, skill, and heroic daring were needed to make the charge or to defend and protect the Confederate forces upon the retreat, General WALTHALL was ever present, and his presence and bravery were inspiration to his men. His firmness, his courage and patience at all times met and answered the demands of the occasion. With 1,500 men at Lookout Mountain he held at bay 10,000 of General Hooker's division with such determination that it

was characterized by General Thomas as "stubborn" and by General Bragg as "desperate."

Again, on the next day, at Missionary Ridge, with the remainder of his troops he protected the Confederate forces in retreat and held his position until ordered away; and in this fight, although wounded, he did not leave the field, but remained to encourage his men. Again, in the retreat from the disaster at Nashville, where his services were in demand by General Forrest, the manner in which he conducted the retreat, the courage he displayed, and the firmness he exhibited have become a part of the history of that memorable campaign and reflect honor and glory upon his name as a soldier. He was a typical representative of the Southern gentleman and of the old South. It was but natural that such a man should be a leader in the armies of the South.

I trust it may not be amiss on this occasion and at this time, when we speak in eulogy of one of the illustrious dead Confederate generals, who died a member of the United States Senate, after our country has become reunited and one, to say that the history of the civil conflict will demonstrate that influences of some sort operated fundamentally for the side of the Confederacy in every prominent event of the war, and this was especially true in the campaigns in Tennessee and Kentucky, in which General WALTHALL was a conspicuous figure. It is a marvelous fact that it required enormous sacrifices by 20,000,000 people to defeat the efforts of 8,000,000 people; that it required 2,000,000 soldiers to subdue 800,000 soldiers.

If we descend into detail, history will show that a naval fleet and 15,000 troops were required to advance against a weak fort, manned by less than 1,000 men, at Fort Henry; 35,000 men, with naval cooperation, to overcome 12,000 at Donelson; 60,000 to secure a victory over 40,000 at Pittsburg Landing; 120,000 to

force the retreat of 65,000 at Corinth; 100,000 repelled by 80,000 in the first peninsula campaign against Richmond; 70,000, with a powerful naval force, to inspire the campaign which lasted nine months against 40,000 at Vicksburg; 90,000 to barely withstand the assault of 70,000 at Gettysburg; 115,000 sustaining a frightful repulse by 60,000 at Fredericksburg; 100,000 attacked and defeated by 50,000 at Chancellorsville; 85,000 held in check ten days at Antietam; 43,000 retaining the field uncertainly against 38,000 at Stone River; 70,000 defeated at Chickamauga by and beleaguered by 70,000 at Chattanooga; 100,000 to press back 50,000, increased at last to 70,000, from Chattanooga to Atlanta, a distance of 100 miles; 50,000 to defeat the investing line at Nashville, and finally 120,000 to overcome 60,000, with exhaustion, after a struggle of a year in Virginia.\*

I do not mean by this to draw any invidious comparison between the individual Northern soldier and the Southern soldier. What, then, is the explanation of these facts showing that superior numbers were generally essential to Union victories and the success of Union operations? While much was due to the character of the contest, for revolution is calculated to inspire and aid desperate actions, and wars of sentiment are generally marked by unusual energy, still history must record there was something else which made the Southern soldier what he was.

I believe that the character of the leaders of the Southern armies, their generals, such as the man we mourn to-day, in a great measure made the soldiers, their neighbors and friends, almost irresistible. We are told that the style of orders and proclamations issued by the Southern generals showed that

---

\* These statements are taken from *Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*, page 31.

they relied on the passionate enthusiasm of their soldiers, and that in that way they tried to stimulate it. They recognized the fact that the odds must be generally against them, and that they must find some means to overcome the effect of that fact upon the spirits of the soldiers, and they thus set an example of courage, chivalry, and daring.

But there was still another influence to be found in the personal differences between the sections—a difference due chiefly to the customs of the South. For all popular movements, the Southern leader was then, and is now, followed with implicit confidence, which does not mean humility, by any means, but which produces subordination. It was, as I have said, because men like General WALTHALL were the leaders and officers in the Confederate army that they were enabled to achieve victories and perform deeds of daring which have immortalized the people of the South, and demonstrated that in that unfortunate war they were capable of achieving, as soldiers, victories and enduring disasters and defeat in such a way as has attracted the admiration and attention of the whole world.

But there was another influence. It was the influence of the Southern women, who, in agony of heart, girded the saber upon their loved ones and bade them go. A typical representative of the old South, a typical representative of the Southern leader, General WALTHALL himself thus spoke of the Southern soldier:

Deeds of heroism in the Southern army were of such common occurrence that to mention one would be to involve the misleading implication that it was exceptional. Hundreds of these could be enumerated, any one of which would make the actor's name immortal, if it stood alone. In our army the situation was peculiar, and the tests and strains severe, and the men who



failed to meet them were the exceptions. Our condition and surroundings, the great stake which was at issue, and the odds we fought against bred heroes by the thousand in all branches of the military service. Some, of course, became more noted than others, but in their most conspicuous acts of daring they had a host of rivals whose names would fill this book.

My most interesting "reminiscence" of the war relates to the Southern soldier, not as an individual, but as a type, representing the body of the Southern troops. It is connected with that stage of the struggle after Vicksburg had fallen and Gettysburg was lost, and especially after Hood's Tennessee campaign had ended in disaster, and all reasonable ground for hope was gone. It was then that qualities were developed by the soldier in the South never before or since observed in like degree in any other soldier known to history.

If he had not made all sacrifices cheerfully, endured all hardships uncomplainingly, and staked his life freely for the cause he had espoused so long as the hope of success remained, he would have belied his nature and disappointed the world. All this was expected of him by those who knew him. No less would have comported with his instincts, his training, or his teachings and example of the great men of his section, whose services in peace or war had laid the foundations of this country's greatness and glory.

But when hope had fled and the chances for the establishment of separate Southern independence amounted to no more than the vaguest possibility, that the Southern soldier, even in that dark hour, stood by his colors and his cause as faithfully, endured his growing hardships as uncomplainingly, bore himself as proudly, and faced death as fearlessly as when he believed that success would crown his efforts and reward his sufferings, presents a phase of constancy and devotion and of genuine chivalric sentiment which no other historic character so strikingly illustrates.

The men he stands for in history fought as well to save Hood's broken column after all had been lost at Nashville as they had done at Shiloh, when victory, as they believed, would

establish the Southern Confederacy. They struggled as desperately in those "last days" of Lee's army—days of hopelessness and gloom—as they had ever done in the time of that great leader's proudest triumphs. At Bentonville, when it was not doubted that Richmond, in a few weeks, if not before the battle ended, would be in the hands of the Federals, they met the enemy as bravely and as cheerfully as they had done at Manassas or Murfreesboro.

In all this I see something unequaled and unrivaled in the history of war in any age—something that wins the admiration and wins the homage of mankind. Whatever it is, and whatever else it shows, it proves at least sincerity of motive, continuity of purpose, self-sacrificing adherence to a cherished sentiment, and settled conviction which defied despair; and it is to men of such attributes, moved by such incentives and capable of such deeds, that the South, under changed conditions, owes her position of honor and equality in the Union to-day.

This tribute to the Southern soldier by this gallant Confederate general, whose life we to-day memorialize, is a true representation of his character, of his fortitude, and of his struggles and faithfulness, and is worthy to be preserved here.

When the war was over, this ideal gentleman and soldier returned to his home in Mississippi, and by his example stimulated his people to new life and new energy to meet and overcome the new conditions that surrounded them; and in civil life, into which he again entered, he was the guiding spirit of his people, and by his example and precept aided and guided them in rebuilding their waste homes and restoring their State to good government. After his devotion to their interests, when they needed a successor to the illustrious and beloved Lamar, they unhesitatingly turned to General WALTHALL, and, without any seeking upon his part, elected him to represent the State of Mississippi in the Senate of the United States.

Fortunate, indeed, has been the South in presenting, since

the civil war, as its representatives in that great body of the American Congress such men as WALTHALL, Lamar, George, Gordon, Colquitt, and others like them, who had been, and were still, leaders of the Southern people. It was by their presence in that body and by their daily association and contact with the Senators from the other sections that the prejudices of our Northern friends were at last allayed and broken down. It was the qualities of such men and the character they displayed in that body that gave to the present senior Senator from Massachusetts, Mr. Hoar, the occasion and the reason for saying, some years ago, with reference to the Southern gentleman, the following:

I know, too, when I say these things, I am saying them of my countrymen. They have some qualities which I can not even presume to claim in an equal degree for the people among whom I myself dwell. They have an aptness for command which makes the Southern gentleman, wherever he goes, not only a peer, but a prince. They have a love of home; they have, the best of them and the most of them, inherited from the great race from which they came the sense of duty and the instinct of honor as no other people on the face of the earth.

Such is, indeed, the true type of the Southern gentleman, as portrayed by Senator Hoar, and no one filled the full measure of this type better than did General WALTHALL.

In the Senate of the United States, by his manly bearing, by his courtesy, by his chivalrous conduct, by his considerate regard at all times of the rights of others, and by his attainments of intellect, he inspired not only respect and admiration, but won the esteem and love of his associates in that body; so that when he had performed his work, when his life was ended, there was not a man who had known him as a member of the Senate, or one who had been blessed with his acquaintance and friendship in Congress, but deeply mourned his loss.

Just two weeks before he died he made his last appearance in the Senate to deliver a eulogy upon Senator George, who was his late colleague. Though physically unable to perform this, which he deemed to be his duty, he nevertheless did so. Two weeks from that day, on the 21st day of April, 1898, his true heart ceased to beat, and he laid down life's labors forever. After the impressive ceremonies in the Senate, the committee, of which I was a member from the House, attended his remains to their last resting place, at Holly Springs, in Mississippi. From every section of the State came the people of Mississippi to pay their last respects at this great and loved man's grave.

The governor and the officers of the State, the professors in the colleges, the lawyers, merchants, and the farmers all came to join with those of his neighbors and friends at Holly Springs in tenderly consigning his body to the tomb. The eloquent Bishop Thompson, of the Episcopal Church of Mississippi, came and delivered the funeral oration. He spoke of the pure life, the high character, and the unselfish devotion of the man whom they came to bury. A most impressive scene was the Walthall Camp of Confederate Veterans, who came in a body to attend the funeral, and who brought bouquets and wreaths of flowers to place upon the tomb.

The coffin rested first in the church, covered and surrounded with these flowers—not artificial or hothouse flowers, but flowers grown in the soil and in the air and sunshine of Mississippi, deposited by the hands of these old veterans, who had followed him to victory in battle and stubbornly resisted the enemy on retreat—and as we bore the coffin to the grave each one, with a wreath of flowers in his hands, marched beside the hearse that contained all that was mortal of their former commander and friend; and when the coffin was lowered to its last

resting place, they tenderly and lovingly placed the flowers upon his grave. We left him buried in the soil of the State that he had served and loved so long, and there will he rest—

Till the sun grows cold,  
And the stars are old,  
And the leaves of the judgment book unfold—

when, unless the teachings of religion are false, will be found written on the leaves of the judgment book, in living characters, the virtues and deeds of this great and good man preserved as evidences of his worth, and which will entitle him, when the judgment is entered by that Infallible Judge, who judges all right, to eternal life, peace, and happiness forevermore.

The life, the name, and the memory of General WALTHALL is a precious tradition to be preserved amid the records of the Congress of the nation. It can but be an inspiration to the youth of this country. The characteristics that made him great and loved can never die. They live after him. Yes, indeed—

These shall resist the empire of decay,  
When time is over and worlds have passed away.

The memory of such a man will always be cherished as long as virtue is admired. Such principles were not born to die. The mortal may depart; that which made him great was immortal; it was the soul, and it does not die.

Cold in the dust the perished heart may lie,  
But that which warmed it once can not die.



## ADDRESS OF MR. MCLAIN.

Mr. Speaker, when by resolution of this honorable body this day was set apart to offer tribute of respect to the life, character, and services of Senator WALTHALL and the Hon. W. F. Love, it was my purpose to prepare only a eulogy on my lifelong friend, Mr. Love, leaving the tributes of respect to the memory of General WALTHALL to the many members of this House who knew him thoroughly and intimately. Such an acquaintance it was not my good fortune to share.

Upon reflection, I have decided within the last day to offer a few words expressive of my estimate and appreciation of this illustrious Mississippian. Being a Mississippian, in common with him, I feel a sincere and genuine desire to offer a few humble words of praise to his memory. Though his life, character, and services have been so truthfully painted to-day by his lifelong friends, and also heretofore by his associates in the Senate, that I deem it superfluous for me to say anything, yet I arise to pay my sincere respects to this great and matchless man.

Mr. Speaker—

His life was gentle, and the elements  
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up  
And say to all the world, "This was a man!"

He impressed me as being one of the most remarkable men, in many respects, in our State. He was by nature and cultivation a grand, knightly, and masterly character. In many respects he overtopped all. He treated everything he touched with a master's hand. In his long, useful, and checkered career he proved this. In all departments of life that he was called to fill he stood at the head of his class. As a citizen, soldier,

and statesman he proved this preeminently. In all these spheres he shone forth as a star of the first magnitude.

In brain power Mississippi may have produced a few men stronger than he. In fact, I am rather persuaded that she did; but in estimating a man's weight and worth to society and country we must view him from all points. No one man is great in all departments. While in actual brain power he did not, in my opinion, equal or excel a few Mississippians I have in my mind, yet I assert with absolute confidence that he was deeper rooted in the affections of his people than any man who has been upon the stage of action in Mississippi in the last generation—should I say within her history, I do not think I could be accused of extravagance. Mississippi delighted to honor him. She showered her richest gifts upon him, and with her wreaths of honor she was always proud to crown him, with or without his consent. The truth of this is known to all Mississippians. I shall not, therefore, here relate the facts of this seemingly extravagant assertion, but such is a fact. How did he gain this wonderful hold upon her? By God's lavish gifts.

He was magnetic in its broadest sense. He was pleasing and exquisite in his bearing and manners. He was chivalrous, courteous, and knightly. His great, manly, and tall physique was a silent witness to courage. In his presence you instinctively felt and saw that you were in the presence of truth, purity, and greatness, and that indefinable something that was pleasing and sublime flowed out upon you, emphasizing the fact that you were in the presence of no ordinary man.

Pure, chaste, and noble thought had been chiseled upon his intellectual and most lovable face. But this was not all. While God had given him a graceful, manly form and a ponderous intellect, he had builded for himself a great character. It gave him great worth and showed him off at his best. Again, he

was kind, generous, and had a just and keen conception of the rights of others. He scattered the seeds of kindness wherever he went. He was so pure, gentle, and kind to all that friends grew and multiplied around him. It has been beautifully said that "kindness is the real law of life, the link that connects earth with heaven. Would you live in the remembrances of others after you have passed away, write your name upon the tablets of their hearts by acts of kindness, love, and mercy."

General WALTHALL, along with his many other virtues, did this all through his long and useful career, and he lives in the remembrances and hearts of all Mississippians, and all others with whom he came in contact. I find that here, at this national capital, he was beloved and honored as in Mississippi, resulting chiefly from these great and pronounced characteristics and virtues. Among his colleagues in the Senate, I am told, he was estimated and regarded as the soul of truth and honor. By these adornments, coupled with his great intellectual ability, his influence was vast, second to none in the Senate.

His home is in the hearts of his people, and his memory is tenderly cherished by them. As cumulative evidence of this fact, at this very moment there is a movement among them to erect a monument to his memory. It will be built, and built by the free, spontaneous gifts of his people. They deem it eminently fitting that the love they bear to him and to his transcendent name and achievements should be thus honored.

Mr. Speaker, this distinguished subject has a great history. He was great as a citizen, lawyer, soldier, and statesman. The history and beauties of each of these spheres so occupied by him have been so beautifully and truthfully related by his life-long friends in this House and the Senate that I refrain from detaining the House further, and content my-

self with these few general remarks on his life, character, and services.

In his death Mississippi has lost one of her purest and best men.

His life was "Like the day, more beautiful in the evening; like the summer, aglow with promise, and like the autumn, rich with the golden sheaves, where good works and deeds have ripened in the field."

ADDRESS OF MR. MEYER OF LOUISIANA.

Mr. Speaker, the States of Mississippi and Louisiana lie side by side. We are neighbors in every sense, and therefore I feel impelled to utter briefly the sympathy felt by us of Louisiana for the people of Mississippi in the loss of one of her truest, bravest, and most eminent sons.

I am aware that this may seem a strong statement.

Mississippi has been singularly fertile in producing men able in public affairs. She had from early days a strong bar. Her jurists, her soldiers, and her statesmen will always lend luster to our history. We easily recall the great names of Prentiss, Poindexter, Walker, Sharkey, Quitman, Albert G. Brown, and, most illustrious of all, Jefferson Davis.

Coming down to a still later period, that of our own times, we find as worthy successors in posts of trust L. Q. C. Lamar, James Z. George, and EDWARD CARY WALTHALL. Mississippi may well be proud of such a galaxy.

Lamar, George, and WALTHALL were with us but the other day. We feel as though we were still listening to their voices and their patriotic counsel and gathering hope and inspiration from their presence. They have passed away all too soon.

Such is the natural thought of grief; but we must consider that in the most painful and trying period of Southern history they were here to lead us, and their great work was well and fitly done. They may now rest from their labors in peace, followed by our affection, veneration, and gratitude.

Mr. Speaker, the story of Senator WALTHALL'S career has been told by faithful and loving eulogists. Born in Virginia's capital and historic city, he went as a mere boy with his



father to Mississippi, where he received his education and then was called to the bar, the profession of his choice, in 1852. His rise was steady, crowded as that bar was by men of talent and legal acquirements.

Both then and in the years following the civil war he was a highly successful lawyer. He may be said to have realized in this, his chosen vocation, the full measure of his professional aspirations.

On this portrait of his career, as of any other, there is not a blemish or a stain.

But WALTHALL was much more than a sound, successful, strong lawyer. He was about 30 years of age when the war began and involved our land in four years of desolating conflict. The young lawyer was quick to take up arms for his State and section. He had enjoyed no military training; he was no professional soldier, and probably, measuring himself severely, deemed it best to begin at the foot of the ladder. He was made a second lieutenant, but his capacity for duty as an officer, his industry, zeal, and high soldierly qualities soon carried him through the various grades until in December, 1862, he was promoted to be a brigadier-general. In June, 1864, he was raised to the rank of major-general of the Confederate army.

This rise was not due to favor or influence. He never intrigued for anything. He won his spurs fairly, by solid, enduring merit, and by the faithful performance of duty. He rose to high rank in an army of brave men and skillful, tried, heroic officers, in such a host as has never been excelled in the story of human achievement, virtue, and endurance.

Fighting against terrible odds, imperfectly armed and equipped, ill fed, having no reenforcements to draw upon, fighting long months a losing battle, we can now hardly realize the

constancy and inflexible courage it required in the commander, the strain upon the officers; but everyone who knew or who served with General WALTHALL in those dark days bears witness to his wonderful heroism and his knightly qualities.

It was during this period that I met him first—I a young officer, he with commanding position, yet his affability won me at once; and his kind consideration for all who came in his contact drew everyone to him. Inspiring veneration and respect, of attractive personal appearance, he presented the ideal cavalier “sans peur et sans reproche.”

He was a man among men. Those who knew him personally and the strength of his personal character knew also there would be—there could be—no duty that he would not perform, whatever might be the personal risk or sacrifice; whatever man could do in onset or to cover retreat in case of disaster he would be sure to do. He was a hero. He has been judged by heroes, and so the verdict will stand forever. His monument is the history of the western army of the Southern Confederacy.

When that unfortunate war closed in conquest, ruin, and humiliation for the South, General WALTHALL returned to his work as a lawyer. He was no politician. He had cherished no political ambitions. None of the old politicians was permitted in that hour of passion to resume official trusts. Not even moderate men like Lamar and WALTHALL saw the road open to public distinction, though the tastes and qualifications of the first lay mainly in that direction.

But, Mr. Speaker, there is a place of duty somewhere for every man; and men like these were the natural counselors and leaders of the people, even in private life. Lamar was the first to come to the Federal Congress. His great career, his influence

for good we all know. It is not so well known, however, that the friend on whom he most leaned, the friend whose counsel he most valued, and whose constant sympathy was almost a necessity of his life, was EDWARD C. WALTHALL. Their communion on all questions of state and public duty was close and constant.

The death of one, the first called, ended this communion; but in the lives of the two it was perfect. Some of those who well knew both would say that it might be difficult to determine which owed the most to the other. The forte of the one was a wise philosophy; the other, WALTHALL, was a man of logic, but also preeminently a man of action. But so close was their friendship, and so kindred all their thoughts that the influence of WALTHALL was felt in Congress and public affairs long before Mississippi sent him to the United States Senate.

I shall not dwell upon General WALTHALL's career in the Senate. He spoke rarely and aimed at no display, and apparently employed no special efforts to influence his associates. He led a quiet and simple life, such as Senators from the South led in the old days, even when their thoughts and utterances were molding the destinies of the Republic. But WALTHALL was not an idle man. He neglected no public duty. He wasted no time in dissipation or the pursuit of pleasure. He was a practical, laborious Senator. He studied all the public questions that came up, and on these he formed his opinions quietly and firmly. Everyone knew where to find him. Thoughtful, observant, studious and upright, courteous, yet frank and truthful, when he did speak he spoke with power.

It is doubtful whether any Senator has ever commanded more thoroughly the respect of friend and foe than General WALTHALL. He did not go around seeking to make friends; he had no such art; but such was his perfect rectitude, his love of truth,

and his courtesy that when he passed from the Senate to his great reward, there was not one there who did not feel that he who had died was worthy to have been a senator of Rome when Rome survived.

Mississippi loved and honored her noble son, and in this she honored herself. Never once was her pride and confidence in him withdrawn or even weakened. WALTHALL could not but know and prize this wealth of trust and affection from his own people. He would not have surrendered it for any earthly honor. But there was something he cared for even more than to be the honored servant of that gallant State. To speak the truth, to avow and defend the right to follow the line of duty, were more to him than any public honor. There came a time in the history of Mississippi when there was a demand for what is known as the subtreasury plan of the Farmers' Alliance. It was a vain delusion, born of the distress and suffering of the agricultural classes.

Sympathizing profoundly with the sufferings of their people, and recognizing the good motives of the advocates of this plan, both WALTHALL and George promptly declared their opposition to it. Such a step might have cost them their seats in the Senate, and, what is far more important, the confidence of their constituents; but they did not hesitate for an instant. The good sense and the good feeling of this people rallied to the wise, brave counsel of the two Senators. But while WALTHALL was deeply gratified at this change, his friends knew that if it were necessary he was ready to quit the Senate rather than dishonor and repudiate his convictions. He loved Mississippi much indeed, but he loved honor more.

There has been no epoch in the history of mankind when public trusts were more difficult, when to serve the State required higher ability and higher personal qualities than in the thirty

years that followed the civil war, and especially from the public men of the South. They had to face a tempest of passion and a bitter prejudice that often brought a feeling to their hearts akin to despair.

To plead the cause of a weak and conquered people; to conciliate without sacrificing honor and duty; to be frank and yet not offensive; to lift up and regain the liberties of a trampled, hated, distrusted section; to make apparent to all the good faith and patriotism of their constituents without resorting to unmanly recantations or fulsome protestations; to be patient and yet strong under the most trying provocation; to know what to yield and when to be firm; to hope on and fight on to restore the material prosperity and political future of their constituents—these, and far more than I can describe, were their difficult tasks. How tersely does Kipling portray some of its burdens:

Take up the White Man's burden—  
In patience to abide,  
To veil the threat of terror  
And check the show of pride;  
By open speech and simple,  
An hundred times made plain,  
To seek another's profit  
And work another's gain.

Take up the White Man's burden!  
Have done with childish days—  
The lightly proffered laurel,  
The easy, ungrudged praise;  
Comes now, to search your manhood  
Through all the thankless years,  
Cold, edged with dear-bought wisdom,  
The judgment of your peers.

In all the great work the wisdom, thoughtfulness, and unselfish patriotism, and rare equipoise of an heroic man like WALTHALL was an invaluable aid to Mississippi and the entire South.



That grand, knightly figure has gone from our view. I mean the earthly part, the casket which contained the jewel, but we can see it still in the mind's eye—the proud, yet dignified and affable presence, the inborn grace, the winning smile, the courteous mien, the kindly frank tone, the countenance in which never lurked an ignoble thought.

In this feverish, fretful struggle of life, with so much in its daily strife and contention that is sordid, saddening, and repulsive, it is refreshing to turn aside and study the lineaments of one who was an unselfish patriot, an heroic soldier, a wise statesman, a devoted husband, a true friend, a gentleman of the South, in whom every better element of our nature seemed blended with an exquisite proportion that defies imitation. Such was EDWARD CARY WALTHALL.

Cold in the dust the perished heart may lie,  
But that which warmed it once can never die.

The SPEAKER. In obedience to a vote of the House already taken, the Chair declares, as a further mark of respect to Senator WALTHALL and Mr. Love, a member of this House, the House now stands adjourned until Monday at 11 o'clock a. m.

And accordingly, at 5 o'clock and 54 minutes p. m., the House adjourned.

